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No. 460.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MAY 13, 1899. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A MARINE ENGINEERING APPRENTICE

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There are many preparations of cocoa, but until Dr. Tibbles' was put upon the market, cocoa as a beverage did not take the place in public estimation that its dietetic value entitled it to claim.

For cocoa is distinctly a food, having nutritive properties that beverages like tea and coffee do not possess; and, moreover, cocoa may be taken with advantage by anyone to whom it is palatable, in cases in which tea and coffee are to be avoided.

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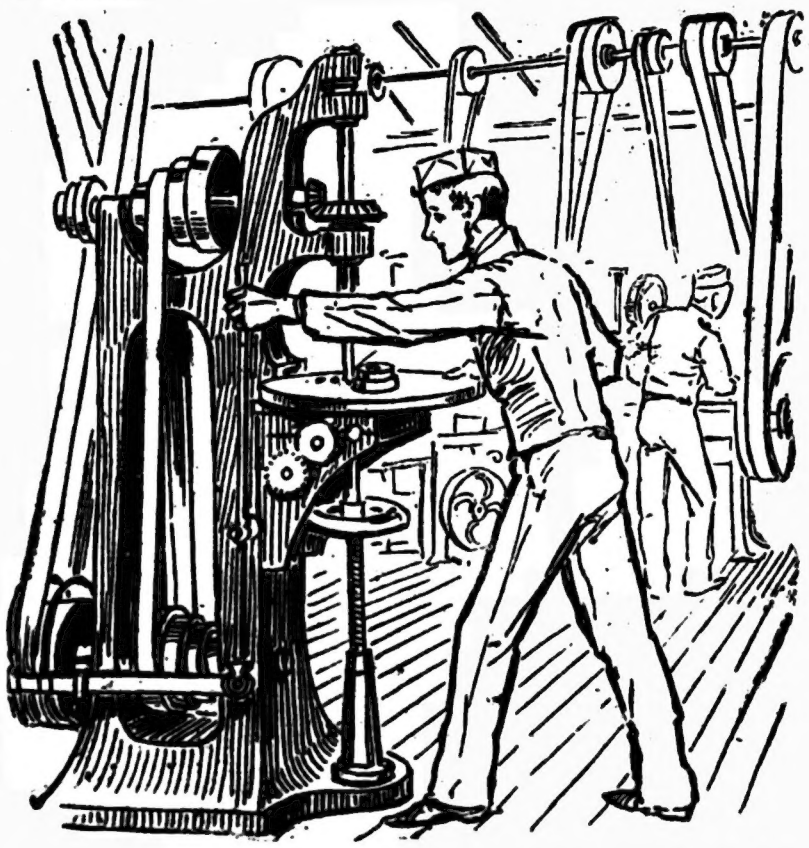
People can take Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa that cannot bear any other form of cocoa; and examples, such as the above, are numerous of persons who find the most beneficial results from the use of cocoa under this new and grateful form.



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24 for 1/6. 12 Cabinet Portraits, 5/6; 6 for 3/-; 3 for 2/-; 12 Carte Portraits, 2/6; 6 for 1/6; 8-inch Portrait, 3/-. In Platinotype, 5/-. Permanent Enlargements. Send Carte or Cabinet with Postal Order to FRANCIS & Co., 29 Ludgate Hill, London. Estab. 1886.

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THE ROYAL 3D. MAGAZINE.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

We all know this story, so I shan't tell it, except just to say that the spider had a most malicious intent. From the fly he wished to suck his blood, and he didn't care what means he adopted to get at it. He tried flattery, lying, deceit, and at last secured his prey. We often feel we should have liked to have been near that little fly, and told him what a lying scamp that spider was. We have never liked spiders from that day to this; it's nice to come across people who are open, frank, and above-board; but don't think that to get a living, a man must lie as fast as a horse can trot. Advertising is a grand field for lying; you can multiply the thing so. Page Woodcock doesn't pose as a big saint, but he's made up his mind he wont lie in his advertisements. When he says that his Wind Pills will cure Indigestion, Liver Complaints, Wind in the Stomach, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Biliousness, &c., he speaks the truth, and thousands of people in the British Islands will bear him out.

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Relief Soon as Applied.
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WORLD-FAMED WATCHES
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Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Napkins, 5/9 per doz. Table 2yd. square, 2/6; 2½ by Kitchen Table Cloths, 1/ Irish Linen Pillow Cases, Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached wide, 1/11 per yard, Roller Towelling, 3
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The Best Value Obtainable for
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THERE NEVER WAS ANOTHER SERIAL LIKE IT! NO, NEVER! YOU READ "CAGED!" AND SEE IF THAT'S NOT SO.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No 460.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MAY 13, 1899. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, May 5th, 1899, until midnight, Saturday, May 13th, 1899. For full particulars see page 808.

Why Highlanders Wear Kilts.

A WELL-KNOWN baronet was at a municipal function in Scotland, and a foreign bishop, who had seen very little of the world, and who was over on this side of the Channel for a holiday visit, was also present.

As the party was being escorted by a body of men in Highland costume, the bishop, seeing the bare legs and kilts, asked why these men were without trousers.

"It's just a local custom," gravely replied the baronet. "In some places people take off their hats as a mark of honour to distinguished guests. Here they take off their trousers."

The bishop raised his eyebrows until they became entangled with his back hair, but he did not for a minute question the explanation.

"WHAT's an empty title, pa?"

"An empty title is your mother's way of calling me the head of the house."

"DEAREST," she murmured, "I'm so afraid you'll change."

"Darling," he answered, "you'll never find any change about me."

Which was painfully true in a double sense.

JONES: "No, sir, I hope that gas will never be superseded."

Smith: "Why?"

Jones: "What should we have to prop our intoxicated men against if the lamp-posts went?"

The Amateur Actor.

THE members of a dramatic club recently decided to give a performance, and the committee in charge of the selection of the cast was importuned by a member to give him a place. He is a good fellow, but has not all the requirements of an actor, even for an amateur affair.

A part was finally given to him in which he made but one entrance and spoke only two words. He was to enter and approach the king with a letter. When asked, "Are you the duke's messenger?" he had to say "I am."

Young Brown attended the first rehearsal and kept his manuscript in his hand, following the others carefully. When it came to his turn to go on he approached the mimic throne and spoke his little "I am" very creditably.

After attending two or three rehearsals he came to the conclusion that he knew his part. He did not attend, therefore, until the night of the performance.

When the curtain went up Brown stood in the wings and watched the progress of the play with increasing trepidation. Finally his cue came. When he got it, a tray with a letter upon it was pushed into his hands and he felt himself shoved out upon the stage.

Mustering up all his courage he walked over to where the King was seated on his throne. His Majesty was doing some heavy acting. He asked:

"Ar-r-r-r-e ye-e-eou the Duke's messenger-r-r-rr?"

This heavy acting was too much for Brown, who instead of his "I am" and leaving the stage, stood trembling all over and said:

"Am I?"

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100,000 Prizes.

A PRIZE FOR EVERY COMPETITOR.

1 Prize of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.
1 " FIFTY POUNDS.
1 " TWENTY POUNDS.

5,000 Prizes of Handsome Watches.
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5,000 " Silver Brooches.
5,000 " Gold-Plated Pencil-cases.
5,000 " Silver Bangles.
5,000 " Penknives.
5,000 " Pen and Pencil Boxes (3 deckers.)
10,000 " Paint Boxes.
10,000 " Boxes of Dominoes.
10,000 " Pearl and Porcupine Penholders.
10,000 " Compasses.
10,000 " Boxes of Crayons.

20 Prizes of ONE POUND each.
20 " TEN SHILLINGS each.

From now until November 25th a coupon will appear on the front page of cover of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, HOME NOTES (May 27th), SHORT STORIES (May 13th), and PASTIMES (May 13th). To the person who collects the greatest number of these coupons and sends them to us on a date we shall specify later, we will give the sum of One Hundred Pounds; to the collector of the second greatest number we will give Fifty Pounds, and so on until the whole 100,043 prizes have been awarded.

SOME POINTS TO REMEMBER.

This is the only competition that has ever been devised in which every competitor will get a prize.

All the articles enumerated above are of the best make and well worth possessing, therefore no prize will be given to any person who sends fewer than 200 coupons.

The prizes altogether will cost us about **£10,000.**

Ask any friend of yours who reads our papers to give you his coupons.

The Competition will run for twenty-nine weeks. If the members of your family take in "P.W.," "H.N.," "S.S.," and "Pastimes," and you collect the coupons from each, this will give you 114 coupons. You can easily obtain from your friends the balance to make up the 200, in which case you will be certain of getting a prize.

A TIP.

Don't be afraid to send only 200 coupons. Sometimes the best competitions ever devised miss fire. People say, "What is the use of my going in for it? I won't win anything." These are just the occasions on which you will. If everybody thought the same your 200 coupons would win you £100.

The Silver Lining.

SHE was a bright, light-hearted little woman, and when her husband failed in business, and they had to give up their pretty house and go to lodgings, she tried to make the best of it. For hours after receiving the sad news she sought some compensation for poverty, and all of a sudden gave a chuckle of delight.

"Oh, it isn't so bad being poor, after all," she laughed.

Her husband looked at her inquiringly. "Why?" asked he grimly.

"Because," announced the little woman, confident that she had chanced upon a shred of the silver lining to the dark cloud, "because we won't have any servants to bother about."

BALDWIN: "There is only one barber in town who can cut my hair. I give him a shilling for the job."

Hirsoot: "That is pretty steep; ha'penny a hair, isn't it?"

TEACHER: "Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?"

Bright Boy: "Please, sir, I have."

Teacher: "Where was it, my boy?"

Bright Boy: "On the elephant, sir."

"I THOUGHT your doctor forbade you to smoke?"

"He did."

"And yet you're smoking."

"Certainly."

"How does it happen?"

"Why, I changed doctors, of course."

Robins Require Fourteen Yards of Worms a Day.

A WOULD-BE philanthropist relates his experiences trying to play mother to a nest of little robins, which had by some accident been deprived of their rightful mother's care. He diligently set to work digging earth-worms, and supposed that he was fulfilling his whole duty, when one of the poor little songsters died. Upon examination of the body, which was reduced to skin and bone, the foster-parent came to the conclusion that it must have died of starvation.

Deeply grieved at his shortcoming, he redoubled his efforts, determined to at least save the other two. It was not long, however, before a second one died, evidently of the same malady. The good man then resolved that, whatever the third one died of, it should not be starvation, and took off his coat and went to work in earnest.

He kept on with the earthworm diet until he found that his one little bird was consuming from fourteen to eighteen yards of worms a day. This was too much for his patience, and he proceeded to substitute the more easily managed diet of bread and milk and other delicacies, which were, however, not nearly so much to Miss Robin's taste.

Wanting to discover whether he had been catering for a family of abnormal appetites, our friend took to watching the methods of a real mother bird, and found that she fed her young every two minutes. He then consulted the learned books upon birds, and discovered that fourteen yards of worms a day, with meals every two minutes, is the average rate of feeding fledgelings.

Jeyes' "Fresh Air" Soap is selling. Have you purchased any yet? When you do, you must remember that the Fund gets a farthing out of every 2½d. bar sold. The first remittance is acknowledged on page 812.

VI.—JOHN LEE'S HEIR-AT-LAW.

NOT the least interesting of my uncle, Humphrey Judd's, reminiscences which fell into my hands after his death was the case of John Lee's heir, and the manner in which he came into the old man's property.

It appeared, from the assortment of notes from which I have been able to build up a readable narrative, that my uncle's investigations in this case extended over a period of two or three years, and that he experienced considerable difficulty in following up the various clues.

He does not, however, give full details of the means by which he became possessed of the history of John Lee and his heirs, though the incident by which he was thrown on the track of the mystery, and which forms the preface to his notebook on the case, is worth recording in full, and I accordingly do so as follows in his own words.

* * * * * *

I first became interested in an affair, which afterwards turned out to be a case of no common variety, within a couple of hundred yards of my own house at Dullminster.*

I had stepped into the local post office one morning—I believe it was a market day—to purchase some stamps, or concerning something equally trivial, when my attention was arrested by a middle-aged countryman, whose turn to be served came just before mine. He had a Post Office Savings Bank book in one hand, and a bundle of crisp, new Bank of England notes in the other.

"I wants to put a hundred pun' into the Savings Bank," he was saying.

"Can't be done," was the reply.

"Cawn't be done! Why not, young man?"

"Because the rule is that not more than thirty pounds † can be deposited in one year. Here, give me your book a moment. There it is, you see, as plain as a pike staff."

"Dang 'un, then!" replied the man. "Wot had I best do?"

"I'll tell you what you can do," said the clerk. "You can put the whole of it in provided you invest it in Stock at once."

"Stock? I don't want no stock! 'Tis as much as I can do to find room for a couple o' pigs, let alone buyin' cows or bullocks. You mind your own business, young man."

There was a roar of laughter from those who overheard. Then, with considerable difficulty, the clerk managed to explain the mysteries of Government securities, and finally the countryman, still a little bit dubious, was induced to hand in his hundred pounds, and to fill up an application for the necessary amount of Consols, to be forwarded at once to the General Post Office.

It seemed to me at the time rather an unusual occurrence that a man of this description should have so large a lump sum to invest, and I proceeded to make a few inquiries concerning him.

I found that his name was Reuben Sadler, and that he hailed from a small village some six or seven miles from Dullminster named Little Shingleford. He earned a small living as a "general dealer" in poultry, etc., while his wife kept an "all sorts" village shop. Moreover, he was the parish clerk and sexton of the church, and in return for this office he received the large salary of eight pounds per annum.

But, try as I would, I could find no reason to justify his sudden possession of a hundred pounds, and in a village of the size of Little Shingleford, where everybody knew everybody else's business pretty accurately, this was rather strange.

So strange did it seem to me that I kept my eyes open, and when, some weeks later, I happened to read a paragraph in a local paper about the heir of a certain John Lee, a coincidence, that will be seen in the notes that follow, rather struck me, and after much labour and the expenditure of a little hard cash I have been able to collect the following details concerning the case in question.

* * * * * *

So much for my uncle's introductory matter, and now for the story itself:

In the year 1840 there were living at Buckton, a large, scattered village in the fertile vale of Aylesbury, three brothers, named respectively John, James, and George Lee.

The family had been small farmers in the district for many generations, and on the death of their father in the above year John, the oldest son, had inherited a little property in the shape of a few acres of ground and some live stock. He was a shrewd, thrifty fellow of about thirty, known in the neighbourhood as "Thrifty Lee," but neither of his brothers possessed the same propensities.

James, a handsome young fellow some five years younger, was generally looked upon as a ne'er-do-weel, whilst George, the youngest, was the scholar of the family, and despised accordingly by his practical brother John.

James left the village shortly after his father's death with a few pounds in ready cash to launch himself out into the world somehow. Shortly afterwards a curious rumour concerning him reached his native village. It was said that he had run off with some young woman—there were conflicting reports as to whether she was some other man's wife—and eloped with her to Australia, without the ceremony of going through the marriage service first. At all events, he was never seen again, though from time to time he was heard of as living in Australia.

As for George Lee, he became a schoolmaster in a town in the Eastern Counties, and after some years married a girl in the place. They lived a very modest, quiet life, as behoved their income, and stinted themselves to provide for the education of their only child, Vincent, whom George Lee determined to send to college, and whose wish it was to take Holy Orders.

Eventually, in the year 1880 Vincent, then aged twenty-four, was ordained. His father never lived to see his son a clergyman, having died a couple of years previously, and the year after Vincent was ordained his mother also was laid to rest.

As for John Lee, he never married at all, but devoted the whole energies of his life to the doing justice to his nickname, "Thrifty Lee," with such success that as the years rolled on he amassed a considerable amount of wealth, which he duly invested in first-class securities.

His life was a very simple one, he fared hard, was mean and stingy in the extreme, and had no extravagant tastes or habits. The result was that on his death in 1882, at the age of a little over seventy, he left an exceedingly handsome fortune, and, as he died intestate, the question was—who was the fortunate heir?

The Rev. Vincent Lee, who had never seen this crabbed old uncle of his, for John never forgave his youngest brother for becoming a schoolmaster, one morning received a letter from Messrs. Johnson and Clegg, a firm of solicitors at Layton, in Buckinghamshire, requesting him to pay them a visit upon the earliest opportunity. He was one of the curates in a large, growing parish in the north of London. He replied to this letter by calling in person a few days afterwards at Johnson and Clegg's offices, and was shown into the presence of the senior partner, Mr. Johnson.

"Good morning, Mr. Lee," said the latter. "I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, but, as your late uncle's solicitor, I know your family very well. Sundry complications are likely to arise concerning your uncle's property, and we thought it best to send for you."

"I hope you are not going to make me responsible for anything," said the young man with a smile.

"Good gracious, no," replied the lawyer. "Quite the reverse, I assure you. The question before us is whether you are the heir-at-law to the property or not."

"I?"

"Exactly so. Your uncle never married, you know."

"But he had a brother older than my father."

"Yes. But that brother is dead. He died in Australia some four years ago."

"Did he leave any children?"

"He did—that is to say, it appears so—a son James, the elder, and a daughter, Gertrude."

"But surely, then, my cousin James is entitled to the property?"

"In the ordinary course of events he is, certainly. But there is an appearance of a flaw in this case."

"How so?"

"Before he can establish his claim he will have to prove the legality of his father's marriage."

"But that is easily done, I suppose?"

"I am not so sure. There were some curious reports about his father running away with a girl, and that he never married her. They seem to have lived as man and wife in Australia until her death fifteen years ago however, but if your cousin cannot produce the proof of their marriage——"

"Then?"

"Why James and Gertrude will be treated as illegitimate, and you will be the heir of old John Lee."

After the young man had given vent to his astonishment he said:

"Well, Mr. Johnson, it is my wish that everything shall proceed fairly and without the slightest prejudice on my part."

"Quite so, Mr. Lee. We, too, as your late uncle's solicitors, are bound to be absolutely impartial. But I thought it only fair to send for you, especially as we have already interviewed your cousin on the matter."

"You have seen him?"

"Yes. He and his sister arrived in England from Australia only last week."

"And have you told him this?"

"Of course."

"What does he say?"

"He declares that he can produce the proofs of his parents' marriage, but that he must have a little time as urgent business has taken him to Paris for several weeks. So until he returns the matter will have to rest in abeyance. If he *can* produce these proofs the whole thing is settled, and it is useless for you to do anything. And now, Mr. Lee, will you come round to my house and have some lunch?"

"With pleasure."

"I shall lay down a condition first, however. You will find your cousin there."

"I thought you said he was in Paris?"

"I mean Gertrude. Her brother asked me to take care of her during his absence, and my wife invited her to stay with us. Now she knows absolutely nothing of all these complications, and I think you will agree with me that until all the circumstances are cleared up it would be cruel to let her imagine, well—women feel these things more than men, you know—to imagine that she might be an illegitimate child. Don't you think so?"

"Certainly, Mr. Johnson. You may rely upon me not to drop a hint about it."

"That's right. Come along, then. Remember that we, as solicitors, cannot take either side."

"I perfectly understand. But—I don't want it to be a question of 'sides.' I should certainly never think of fighting my own flesh and blood."

"Ah, you are very quixotic, young man. I'm afraid if all people were like you there wouldn't be much occasion for us."

And this is how Vincent Lee first met his cousin Gertrude, a pretty, fascinating girl of about nineteen, fresh and natural as the land of her birth. It might have been that when the young clergyman returned to his parish later on in the day he carried with him a vivid recollection of a bright, laughing face, that refused to be shut out, and even though he was but man after all, and the news of the chance he had of being rich had excited him, still, in his heart of hearts he could not but wish that her brother would establish his claim rather than she should ever know the indignity that had been cast upon her birth.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile it will be necessary to introduce the younger James Lee, at this time ostensibly absent on a visit to Paris, but in reality playing a very cunning part in England. The rumours about his parents were only too true, and he knew it. A few days before his death his father had called him to his bedside and said:

"James, my boy, there's something that I ought to tell you. It's been lying on my mind for some time. Only promise me you won't let Gertrude know unless you are forced to."

The young man gave the desired promise, and his father went on:

"James, I've done a wrong thing by your mother, and by you children. We—we—were never married."

"Never married, father!"

"No. We ran off together in haste—it was my fault—and I'm afraid we never thought then of the consequences. Then we came over here and we meant to have been married properly, but folks on the voyage out knew us as man and wife, and we made friends here when we came—and, somehow, we could neither of us face the world and declare we'd never been properly married. So the end of it was that we did nothing, and not a soul out here knows but what poor Ellen was my lawful wife. I see the mistake now," the old man went on, "and I'm afraid the sins of the father will be visited on the son. Your old Uncle John has been raking together a power of money, I've heard, and you'd be his heir, James, if you could only prove you were born in wedlock, which you can't do."

"What—what was my mother's name, then?" asked his son.

"Perkins—Ellen Perkins. She was a lady's maid in London, but her home was near Dullminster, in Sussex—Little Shingleford, that's the place. A village, I think. I was never there."

From that moment young James Lee had been scheming and plotting in his mind as to the best means for obtaining possession of his uncle's property. He was about thirty years of age at the latter's death, and a man likely to stop at nothing that would forward his own ends.

A crafty, silent sort of individual, he had interviewed Mr. Johnson on his arrival in England, and had heard, what he was quite prepared to hear, that in order to establish his claim he must produce, over and above the certificate of his birth, proofs of his parents' marriage. At first he pretended to be quite astonished that such a slur should have been cast upon his name, and then he told the lawyer that the matter was an easy one, and that in a short time he would render up the all important document.

His first move was to go down to Little Shingleford. He had already fixed in his mind the method of working his scheme. At this village, under the pretence that he was a tourist, he went over the church, accompanied by the clerk and sexton, Reuben Sadler. Upon his saying casually that he would like to see if there were anything interesting in the old parish registers, the latter unlocked the church safe and produced them. The visitor then carefully scanned those relating to marriages, of which a brief technical description is necessary.

Previous to the Act of 1836 every clergyman kept his own parish register of marriages, entering therein whatever details he chose. This Act, however, made it obligatory for every incumbent of a parish to obtain from the Registrar-General two marriage registers, one the duplicate of the other, ruled out and printed in the familiar form, two marriages to every page. These books contain spaces for 500 marriages. Every clergyman has to make a quarterly return of the marriages solemnized in his church to the Registrar-General, in whose keeping at Somerset House they are deposited. When the parish registers are filled up, one of the copies is taken to the registrar of the district, who gives a receipt for it, while the other is kept by the incumbent.

New registers can only be had from the Registrar-General, and then only on the expiration of the old ones. Now it is obvious that in many tiny remote country parishes, where there are often not more than three weddings a year, 500 marriages have not been celebrated since 1836, and, therefore, no new registers have been ordered, the original two being still in use.

This was the case at Little Shingleford, and, as every page is numbered, as is also every form, it was James Lee's object to discover the number of the page or pages on which marriages for the year 1840 had taken place. He finally selected pages 11 and 12, the two pages forming one leaf. There were, of course, four marriages recorded on this leaf, two on either side. They were, briefly, as follows:

"Number 21.—April 7, 1840.—Henry Chase and Margaret Watson.
" 22.—June 23, 1840.—Charles Smith and Lucy Jane Taylor.
" 23.—July 15, 1840.—Joseph William Sims and Elizabeth Stacey.
" 24.—October 2, 1840.—John Hine and Mary Cosens."

"I suppose you don't very often have a wedding here?" he asked Reuben Sadler.

"No, I reckon not, sir. There baint more'n a couple o' hundred folks in the village."

"Ah. So these registers are not very frequently wanted, eh?"

"No, sir."

"They are under your care?"

"Yes, sir."

"Umph. Do you want to earn some money?"

The man's eyes sparkled.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"I want you to lend me these registers for a few days."

"Lor', sir, I daresn't. If the vicar were to hear of it, it's as much as my place is worth."

"He needn't hear of it. No one need ever know. Look here, if you do as I ask I'll give you a hundred pounds."

The man's face went livid with fear, astonishment, and cupidity. After a great deal of persuasion he at length agreed to the terms proposed, namely, that on the receipt of

* Dullminster, as stated in the introduction to these chronicles, is a small country town in the south-western district of Sussex.

† This was in 1882.

M. A. P. is a weekly Society paper, edited by T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

a letter from James Lee containing simply a date and an hour he should bring the two registers under cover into Dullminster, where they should meet at the "Rose and Crown."

James Lee's next move was to get hold of a certain assistant printer in London connected with the printing of official forms, and by means of a heavy bribe to obtain two leaves of the same material as the standard marriage register paper, printed with the usual form, paged 11 and 12, and numbered 21 to 24 respectively. This seems to have taken him some weeks to procure, and was evidently the most difficult part of the scheme.

The appointment at the "Rose and Crown" was then made, and in much fear and trembling Reuben Sadler brought the registers and received £50 on account, with instructions to meet James Lee a few hours later.

The latter then shut himself up in a private room (it had been arranged that the registers should go no further than Dullminster in case they were suddenly wanted) and with the help of some weakened ink and many hours of careful practice, proceeded to commit a very clever piece of forgery.

On his two sheets he copied accurately Nos. 21, 22, and 24 marriages from the register, but instead of filling up No. 23 with the marriage of Joseph William Sims and Elizabeth Stacey he inserted the marriage of James Lee, bachelor, of Buckton, Bucks, son of John Lee, deceased, and Ellen Perkins, spinster, of the parish of Little Shingleford, performed by license and duly signed by the two parties and a couple of witnesses. Then he forged the signature of the then vicar, "Silvester Watson," the same as in the other entries.

Next he carefully detached the two original leaves from the registers and in their place inserted the two forgeries. A few hours afterwards and the registers were safely deposited in the parish church, and Reuben Sadler had deposited £100 in the Post Office Savings Bank.

The next incident in the plot can be very briefly told. James Lee "returned from Paris," went to Johnson and Clegg, and informed them that he had every reason to believe that his father's marriage had taken place at Little Shingleford about the year 1840 or 1841; whereupon that astute firm of lawyers wrote to the vicar of the parish, asking that the registers should be searched, and a certificate sent if such a marriage was found.

The vicar, who had only been in the parish a few years, duly found the marriage in question on page 12, number 23, wrote out a certificate, stamped and signed it, and dispatched it to Messrs. Johnson and Clegg. The evidence was conclusive. Old James Lee had married after all and his son was the legal heir to his uncle's property.

So Vincent Lee was informed of all the circumstances, shown a copy of the certificate, and went down to congratulate his cousin. Nor was this the only visit he paid to Buckton, for it soon became apparent that there was something more than cousinly love between himself and Gertrude.

When James Lee found out this he was furious. Probably because he had wronged him he had come to much dislike his cousin, and when Vincent spoke to him about Gertrude he forbade him to visit them any more. The awkward part of it was that Gertrude had promised her father on his deathbed not to marry without her brother's consent, and though she was deeply attached to Vincent, nothing would induce her to break her word.

How matters would have turned out it is difficult to say, but a very unexpected event happened. He had been attending the deathbed of an old man in his parish, a widower, and it was his dying request that the young clergyman should accept as a present a very fine old family Bible that he had more than once admired, and which he insisted on Vincent Lee's taking home with him. A few days afterwards, the old man having died in the meanwhile, he opened the Bible. A paper fell out. He unfolded it. It was a marriage certificate, the marriage of Joseph William Sims—that was the old man's name—with Elizabeth Stacey!

As the young clergyman glanced at it he suddenly caught the name "Little Shingleford." Of course he was interested at once. Then he read the page and number from which the copy had been taken—page 12, number 23. Dimly he strained his recollection. He was *sure* it was the same date and number as his uncle's marriage.

What did it mean? More than once he had had his suspicions. He sat down to think it out. An hour later and he was hurrying towards Somerset House, where he paid his shilling and asked to see the quarterly marriage returns from Little Shingleford. Yes, there it was. No. 23, "Sims and Stacey," *not* Lee and Perkins! Scarcely daring to frame a theory he had a copy taken, paid the fee, and departed with it in his pocket.

Then he went down to Little Shingleford, called on the vicar, and asked to see the registers. The vicar took him to the church and showed them. There was his uncle's marriage in No. 23, but no mention of Sims and Stacey. Then he carefully examined, without exciting the vicar's suspicion, the two leaves. Craftily as it had been done it was impossible to avoid all traces of the insertion, and Vincent Lee saw enough to make him pretty certain as to what had happened.

Then he made up his mind how to act. The very next day he went to see his cousin. He was refused admittance at first, but insisted on pushing past the servant. James met him in the hall.

"Didn't I tell you never to set foot in my house again?" he cried.

"I have come on a matter of urgent business," replied Vincent Lee quietly, "and I think it would be best for you to see me alone."

Something in his face and manner forced the other without a word to show the way into his study. The door was closed.

"Now, what is it?" he demanded.

"I have come to show you something, James, that may interest you. This is a marriage certificate," and he pulled out the paper he had found in the old Bible.

"And what is that to do with me?" asked James, turning very pale.

"It is the certificate of a marriage between Joseph William Sims and Elizabeth Stacey, performed at Little Shingleford on July 15th, 1840, and entered on page 12, number 23 of the parish register. Now do you understand?"

In answer the other made a snatch at the paper. Vincent was too quick for him.

"Not so fast, James," he said. "Besides, if it were destroyed it would make no difference. Here is another certificate, copied from the returns of marriages in Somerset House, and which corroborates it. Now listen. I have only to put the case into the hands of a lawyer, who will examine the records at Somerset House, *which the forger appears to have overlooked*, and who will then discover that the registers at Shingleford have been tampered with and a page inserted in each. Do you know what that would mean, James?"

James Lee hid his face in his hands and groaned.

"It would mean not only that the property would become mine, but that the forger would be discovered and punished!"

"For Heaven's sake spare me!"

"Why should I? You have ousted me out of my property and treated me with indignity. Why should I spare you?"

"Give me time—to escape, Vincent. Oh, Heaven, the father's sins are indeed visited upon the children."

"No! On you, perhaps, but not upon your sister. For her sake only will I spare you. I love her too well that she should ever know of her parents' shame and your crime. The condition is one to which you must consent, or I swear I will expose you in spite of all—you give Gertrude now permission to marry me!"

The wretched man bowed his head.

"And, as I am the rightful heir and she would therefore have shared the property, you must give her as her dowry half of it—settled on her, mind. It is not for myself that I speak."

Again the other made a motion of assent. He was thoroughly crushed.

"All is yours," he said.

"No," said Vincent, "that would be to disclose all to her. You must remain the legal heir. And now the matter is over between us; but, remember, the proof is always at Somerset House. There is no going back. And now, call in your sister."

"Gertrude," said her brother a few moments afterwards, "Vincent has again asked for your hand and I have given my consent."

"Oh, James! But what's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, no—and I hope you will both be happy. If a generous and noble husband will make you so you have one in Vincent."

"I am sure of it," said the girl, taking his hand.

"And so am I," replied James. "It was more than fate that decreed him to you—it was Providence."

"An avenging Providence!" he added as they departed from his study. "May God forgive me!"

Leading Up to It.

HE had been taking as many of his meals in town as possible, and coming in only at odd intervals, as a man always does when there is work about the house that he might do in connection with the spring cleaning.

"Orlando," she said, "I have been brushing the moths out of your volunteer uniform."

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure."

"It reminded me that I hadn't heard you say anything about your rifle practice for some time. You are keeping it up, are you not?"

"Of course."

"And you must have improved a great deal by this time?"

"Improved? Well, I should say so. I can hit the bull's eye oftener at 200 yards than any other man in the company."

"That's splendid. I wish I could see you do it. But, of course, you wouldn't want me following you about everywhere."

"Perhaps it wouldn't be best."

"I'll tell you what you might do."

"What is it?"

"You might come home early to-morrow afternoon and let me see how many times in succession you can hit the head of a carpet tack with the hammer. It seems simple, but you know, dear, you used to have a great deal of trouble doing even that, and I should so like to see how you have improved!"

"I DON'T know whether to be complimented or not," said Barlow the poet. "Last year my best girl gave me a pencil to write poems with, but this year she gave me a silver-mounted eraser."

MRS. YOUNGLING (going out): "John, do you suppose you can hear the baby from where you are if he wakes up and cries?"

John (who is reading the newspaper): "I dunno; I hope not."

MR. TROTTER: "Why did you place Foster and Bell opposite each other at dinner? Don't you know they are bitter enemies?"

Mrs. Trotter: "That's just it. I did it on purpose. They spent so much time in glaring at each other that they couldn't eat much."

THE PROFESSION OF BEGGAR.

P.W. GOES ON TRAMP FOR A DAY.

WHILE paying a visit to the East-end not long since I encountered an individual who had earned a reputation among the fellow-members of his class of being the "Boss of the Tramps"—a thin, red-faced rogue brimful of cunning and deceit. As I was desirous of learning something authentic regarding the fraternity—exceedingly little, by-the-way, is known of the tramp proper—I persuaded my acquaintance to allow me to accompany him on his next jaunt into the provinces.

We met accordingly at three o'clock the other morning at the Marble Arch, our purpose being to tramp to Birmingham. I had arrayed myself in some seedy garments purchased in the New Cut, and, with no impediment in the shape of luggage, we set out.

I should mention that things being bad in the ordinary tramp line just now we resorted to the "dropping" system, often adopted by the professional mendicant. We had purchased several thousand needles at the rate of 9d. per thousand, and these had been made into packets of twenty-five each, for which we proposed to charge a penny. A printed slip had also been attached saying that the bearer was dying of consumption.

These wares or swag had been taken in hand by a third partner called a "dropper" who had left town the previous day. The duty of this man was to deposit a packet at each house he passed so that we might follow and call for the money or the return of the packet. To guide us to the houses at which needles had been left he was to chalk the sign O on the walls. Whenever he went off the main road he made a chalk mark thus ⊥.

For the first eight miles or so no business was done, and when we were well out of London we made a halt of four hours. Here we had some "rhino" (breakfast), after which my companion made himself a withered arm by binding his limb very tightly with long strips of rag and stopping the circulation. With the greatest nonchalance he next opened an ugly gash on his left cheek. This, he explained to me, was a wound with money in it. He had poisoned the blood by putting copper into it in order to excite sympathy. This is a common dodge amongst tramps.

At nearly every house marked by the man in front we received a penny. It is a mistake, by the way, to suppose that tramps chalk up signs on the line of route to direct the fraternity to houses where money is likely to be obtained. Every tramp keeps this knowledge to himself, and my companion carefully rubbed out every sign made by the agent in advance. At three or four houses we were given bread and basins of soup, and at one a good dinner of cold beef and potatoes.

Towards evening we entered a small town and put up at one of the dirtiest padding-kens (lodging-houses) conceivable. The place was a pandemonium, and there were thirteen other tramps all trying to cook their suppers at one stove. One was frying a rasher of bacon, another a kippered herring, while a third was toasting cheese. Though the place was loathsome, we put up here for the night, paying 4d. each for the privilege.

We counted up our cash and found that the needles had brought us in 16s. 2d. in coppers, which represented a profit of something like 12s. Besides this sum half-a-crown had been received from sympathisers we had passed on the road. I will draw a veil over the pestilential den in which we slept.

In the morning my partner went out by himself and did not return till three o'clock in the afternoon. In pitiful terms he had represented himself to be a coal miner on strike, and his enterprise had brought him in over 11s.

At five o'clock we again pushed forward and met with an ugly experience. My partner is known among the fraternity as a man who makes money, on which account there is some jealousy.

About eight o'clock we met three "shallow blokes"—mendicants with scarcely any clothes on, and no boots or shoes. They stopped us, told us they were down on their luck, and asked for money. My mate refused, with the result that a free fight ensued.

These "shallow blokes" belong to a lower grade than the tramp proper, and do not hesitate to pick quarrels with them if they think there is any money to be had by so doing; they also do not hesitate to use the knife at times.

Tramp-life is by no means unprofitable; my companion, for instance, reckons to earn on an average 37s. a week. He rarely spends more than 4d. for a bed, or 7d. a day in food, which consists in the main of herring, cheese, and bread. The remainder of his cash goes in drink, and he estimates that one suit of clothes lasts him four years.

By this time I had acquired sufficient experience of tramp life, and as we entered a small village I bade good-bye to my companion and took a midnight train back to London. Taking him altogether, the tramp is about as big a rogue as it is possible to find. In the ranks are included all sorts and conditions of men, my companion having met in his time several old University men, a baronet, and an ex-captain of an Atlantic liner, who had all taken to the road as a means of livelihood.

In order that you should not be disappointed, give an order to your newsagent to supply you with M. A. P. regularly.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

4516. When did England First Become a Nation of Shopkeepers?

Although London was a considerable commercial centre even in Roman times, the distinctly commercial character of England as a nation may be said to date from the reign of Edward I. It was then that the towns began to acquire importance, and although commercial developments began during the reign of Henry III., Edward was the first English king who brought the power and patronage of the Crown to the development of trade and commerce. He was in short the first of our sovereigns who recognised that conquest at home and abroad and the enlargement of territorial dominions were not the only duties of a monarch. The birth of modern commercialism, however, may be said to date from the reign of Elizabeth, for it was then that the eyes of Englishmen first opened to the enormous possibilities of over-sea commerce which the present century has seen realised. From the Queen to her humblest subject, the whole nation seemed to recognise that the fall of Spain would place the treasure-houses of the world in the hands of those who were daring enough to take them and strong enough to hold them, and this idea was the germ from which our commercial greatness has grown. Before this period we waged war to acquire territories. Since then we have fought to acquire markets. It is worthy of note that the phrase, "a nation of shopkeepers," was not invented, as is usually supposed, by Napoleon. It was first used by Adam Smith in his "Wealth of Nations." It is also a mistake to suppose that Napoleon used it as a term of reproach, for we have it on his own authority that he meant it as a compliment.

4519. Why are Some Plants Furnished with Needle-shaped Leaves?

There are several reasons for this peculiarity. Being evergreen, it is necessary that these plants should be adapted to wintry conditions without dropping their leaves. The leaf, being so narrow and pointed, opposes little resistance to high winds, which might otherwise do great damage. For the same reason, very little snow can accumulate on the leaves, and thus the risk of torn branches is prevented. But the most important advantage of needle-shaped leaves is the check they give to evaporation. During the winter plants are nearly at rest, and any great amount of evaporation of water from the tissues would be mischievous. Since evaporation takes place through the leaves, most plants guard against the danger by dropping their leaves altogether as winter approaches. But needle-like leaves achieve a similar end in another way. They expose a very small extent of surface to the air, and the apertures through which the water evaporates are small, and deeply sunk in the outer layer of tissue. This layer is also very thick and firm, so that the leaf, considering its slender size, is remarkably stiff and strong to withstand wintry weather.

4520. Have any Animals Decreased in Bulk since Prehistoric times?

Most of the gigantic animals of geological eras belonged to species which have completely vanished, and of those which have living representatives it is difficult to say whether they have undergone a true change of size or whether the modern examples are merely survivals of smaller contemporary varieties. The larger animals have a tendency to disappear first in a partial failure of food supply. Gigantic armadilloes closely resembling those of the present day were formerly abundant in South America. The remains of huge sloths are found in Cuba and North America. Sharks attaining a length of more than a hundred feet are found in comparatively recent fossil deposits. Another fish which represents a larger prehistoric species is the American bony pike, which is one of the few survivals of the enormous Ganoids of the Secondary Strata. The tiny nautilus of the present day had kindred ten or twelve feet long in early times; another small shellfish, the pteropod, whose delicately complex structure is packed in an inch of shell, is found in fossil remains to have reached the respectable length of a couple of feet.

4530. What is the Origin of the Lion's Head on Public Drinking Fountains?

The remotest origin to which this practice can be traced would appear to be an Egyptian one. At the period when the Nile overflows, the sun is in the constellation Leo. Hence the lion became the symbol for the overflowing of the waters. This was taken from the Egyptians by the Greeks, and from them—mainly, no doubt, as a matter of custom—it passed on to the Romans. It is possible that the practice may have survived through the dark and middle ages, but as regards mediæval sculptures of this class it is more reasonable to suppose that the lion's head in sculptures on fountains and elsewhere would have been taken from the armorial bearings of the lord of the manor or of the patron in whose honour the sculpture was executed. The frequency with which the lion occurs in European armorial bearings lends a distinct colour to this latter supposition.

4522. Which is the most Remarkable Example of a Powerful Aristocracy Voluntarily Surrendering their Privileges?

Undoubtedly the most powerful and at the same time exclusive aristocracy was that of the Daimos, or territorial lords of Japan, prior to the great social revolution of 1868. There were fewer than 300 of these great lords. Their power within their own provinces was almost absolute, and they owed merely a nominal allegiance to the sovereign. Yet in 1869, 241 out of less than 300 Daimos voluntarily surrendered their powers and their possessions into the hands of the Emperor, in order that a centralised government might conduct the affairs of the Empire in a manner more in accordance with those Western ideas which the nation was then making up its mind to adopt, and from this surrender the phenomenal progress of Japan as a world Power undoubtedly dates. A somewhat similar case may be found in the history of Russia, when, in the year 1564, the boyars, believing that the Tsar, Ivan the Fourth, afterwards known as the Terrible, was about to leave them to their own intrigues and domestic strifes, laid all the privileges of their order at his feet to induce him to return. It was from this act of self-abnegation that the traditional autocracy of the Russian Emperors practically begins.

4524. Why is our Finest British Scenery Situated to the West and North?

Because these regions present older geological formations. As a rule, the older formations—the granites and the mountain limestone—are more creased and folded up than the more modern, and these irregularities produce mountains, hills, valleys, lakes, and many of the other natural features out of which scenery of the finer and bolder type is made. The granite mountains of the Scotch Highlands and the hills of Dartmoor in the West are therefore rugged and of irregular outline, and the mountain limestone hills of the Lake District of Derbyshire, and of the Mendip Hills in Somerset, are almost equally picturesque. In the south and east these older, and irregular formations are still covered with the more recent, and these latter are as a rule almost level. The hills here are due to the erosion of the soft limestones, sands, and chalk, and not to contractions of the earth's crust, and their outlines are therefore smooth and undulating. In many places, especially in the east, there are large tracts of country that have only comparatively recently emerged from the sea, and present the monotonous outline of the shallow sea bottom. The west and north is also less fertile, and agriculture has therefore done less to destroy Nature's beauty.

4523. Has a Spider ever been Known to Capture a Fish?

Yes. There are certain large sea spiders (two feet from toe to toe), collossendeis gigas, that live in the water and feed entirely upon molluscs and worms. The carnivorous wolf-spider, an amphibious inhabitant of the tropical regions of South America, is said to prefer a fish diet, though it is not averse to eating mice, young birds, and even snakes, resembling in this respect the theraphosidæ, or bird-catching spiders of India and Queensland, some of which equal a rat in size. The collossendeis is the most formidable specimen of the spider family, measuring six inches round the body and possessing twelve long, hairy legs with which it grips its finny prey. It attacks fish several times larger than itself, and, after biting them through the back and stinging them to death, gluts itself by sucking the juices from the bodies of its victims.

4525. Is it any Advantage to a Species of Animals to be Beautiful?

According to Darwin, beauty for beauty's sake is a factor in natural selection that has worked advantageously for several species of birds, insects, fishes, and reptiles. The most beautifully-marked and brilliantly-coloured male specimens become the favourites of the females, and the beauty which gives them this advantage is thus perpetuated in the species. There are many examples of the protective value of the varied colouration which in many animals is so conspicuously beautiful. Sir J. Lubbock instances the case of the kingfisher, whose brilliant hues in its native haunts make it difficult to distinguish it from a flash of light on the water, and certain nauseous or poisonous insects whose brilliant colours make them more unmistakable, and, therefore, less likely to be eaten as prey, obviously owe their escape to their beauty. These conditions, however, only obtain in the natural state. Beauty in animals appeals to the destructive instinct in man, and so leads to extinction of the species possessing it. The most discreditable illustration of this is to be found in that unwomanly fashion in obedience to which thousands of beautiful birds are sacrificed every year to adorn headgear of a not always elegant type.

4527. Is there any Reason to Believe that any of our Great English Rivers once Occupied Channels now Far Distant?

The study of our English river systems has only recently been commenced, but certain very remarkable results have already been published. Large portions of two of our chief rivers—the Severn and the Trent—are said to be flowing in channels at great distances from their original courses. The ancient Severn is described as having occupied its present valley as far down as Tewkesbury. Then it continued its course straight on in a south-easterly direction, and entered the Thames as one of its chief tributaries. A part of its original channel is now occupied by the Coln, a little wriggling brook, one of the upper tributaries of the present Thames; but the shape and size of the Coln valley indicate that it was once occupied by a large river. Of course, this state of things must have existed when the land stood higher, and the valley of the lower Severn had not yet been excavated. Subsequently, a river occupying the site of the Bristol Channel cut its way backwards to the north-east, till it reached the Severn, and tapped it. The upper Severn was thus diverted into a new channel (which has since broadened into the lower Severn), and this is why the Severn makes a sharp turn to the south-west near Tewkesbury. The history of the Trent is equally remarkable. That river is said to have taken a south-easterly direction from its very beginning, and to have entered the Thames some distance to the east of the Severn. But another river, somewhere up in the north-east, where Lincolnshire now is, was cutting its way backwards to the south-west, until it reached the upper Trent in Staffordshire, and captured its waters, which were thus made to turn to the north-east, and occupy the valley of the intruding river. It cannot be said that these conclusions have yet been absolutely proved, but they have been received with considerable favour by those most competent to judge.

QUESTIONS.

4551. What was the real family name of Oliver Cromwell?
4552. Was it ever illegal in this country to print the lives of peers?
4553. What is the so-called American duel?
4554. Which British Colony has the most extensive vocabulary of its own denoting things peculiar to the country?
4555. Which was the first government in the modern world to permit religious liberty?
4556. When did the English Government first undertake to deliver letters?
4557. Has a subject ever received from an English king full power to create peers at his own discretion?
4558. Does any four-footed animal vocally produce the notes of the octave?
4559. Which is the best instance in our history of the sins of the father being visited upon the son?
4560. When was torture last judicially inflicted in England?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

LADY: "I heard you had a fire here, and are selling goods at a bargain?"

Grocer: "That's right, ma'am. Look at these fine hams for sevenpence a pound, only slightly damaged by smoke!"

LITTLE BOY (at the front door): "Is the doctor in? 'Cause if he is, I want to see him at once."

Servant: "He's not in."

"Well, just as soon as he gets home you tell him to come over to our house and take that baby off he left last week. It's in the way."

THIS was a delicate compliment a seven-year-old boy paid his mother the other evening. The family were discussing at the supper-table the qualities which go to make a good wife. Nobody thought the little fellow had been listening, or could understand the talk, until he leant over the table and kissed his mother and said:

"Mamma, when I get big enough, I'm going to marry a lady just like you."

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KINGS WHO DON'T WANT THRONES.

THEY ARE WEARY OF REIGNING AND YEARN FOR PRIVATE LIFE.

ABDICATION seems to be in the air. At no time since the eventful years of 1848-49, when the whole of Europe may be said to have been in open insurrection against the mediæval autocratic tendencies of its rulers, have there been so many reigning sovereigns who are declared to be on the point of abandoning their thrones.

In 1848 the monarchs were mostly princes born in the previous century and reared within the influence of its traditions, utterly incapable, therefore, of comprehending such new-fangled notions as popular government and national constitutions.

Sooner than lend their names to any such subversive ideas, which they regarded as synonymous with sanguinary revolution of the character that brought Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to the scaffold, they preferred to abdicate; and it was during these two eventful years that the thrones of Austria, Sardinia, Bavaria, France, and Holland were vacated by their occupants.

If to-day, half a century later, their successors desire in turn to abdicate, it is that they, too, have become firmly convinced that popular legislation is incompatible with good government—that is, as viewed from the throne.

Of the sovereigns reported to be on the eve of abdication we have, in the first first place, King George of the Hellenes, who declares himself sick and tired of his uncomfortable throne, and does not hesitate to declare that, the very atmosphere of Greece having ceased to be congenial to him, he is anxious to surrender as soon as possible his sceptre to his son Constantine.

He is no longer in touch with his subjects, has no friends at Athens save visitors from abroad, and is constantly forced by the somewhat disreputable policy of the Cabinets that succeed one another with such rapidity in his dominions to place himself in an awkward and embarrassing position with regard to those foreign courts to which he is bound by ties of close relationship.

King Oscar is likewise talking of resigning his crown to his eldest son. In his case, there is not one, but two Parliaments with which to contend; and as that at Stockholm is always in direct opposition to that at Christiania, he cannot contend the one without offending the other, the result being that Norway and Sweden are now, according to his own assertions, on the point of civil war.

He declares that he has done his best, like King George of Greece, to live up to the terms of the constitution by virtue of which he holds his sceptre, but that it is absolutely impossible to do so any longer, and that it is a question with him either of violating the coronation oath or of stepping down and making way for his son.

Then, too, there is King Christian of Denmark, who, at the age of eighty-one, finds himself face to face with a National Legislature in which the ultra-Radicals and Socialists, hostile to the throne, possess an overwhelming majority, outnumbering the moderate Liberals and the infinitesimal Conservative party combined by three to one.

Broken by age and infirmity, shaken by the illness of his strong-minded wife, who has been his chief moral support throughout his reign, and deprived, too, of the powerful backing of his son-in-law, the late Emperor Alexandria of Russia, he feels himself no longer capable of coping with the situation, and announces that he is about to make way for his son.

To these three kings must be added the name of King Humbert of Italy, who is forced to submit to a Prime Minister personally abhorrent both to himself and to the Queen, and to lend his name to a policy of which he disapproves at heart, but which accords with the views of the Legislature.

It is no secret that the whole of his private fortune is already invested abroad, in anticipation of his abandonment of the Italian throne, and that he finds more intolerable than ever a situation which compels him to surround himself with people uncongenial to him and to his consort, and to remain in a position towards the church which is not only diametrically opposed to the sincere religious feelings of the Queen and of himself, but likewise places the reigning house of Italy in a very awkward and embarrassing position with regard to all the other courts of the Old World.

Had it not not been for Queen Marie Amelie of Portugal, a strong-minded woman like her mother, the Countess of Paris, King Carlos would have long since relinquished his throne to his son, with his younger brother as Regent, while King Charles of Roumania and the Prince Regent of Bavaria, are each credited with being on the eve of making way for the next-of-kin.

Finally, there is Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who has been strongly urged by his Russophile friends to abdicate, they undertaking to have him re-elected under Muscovite protection. But he has thus far refrained from yielding to their solicitations, realising that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and that, if he were once voluntarily to surrender his crown, many things might interfere to prevent his recovering possession thereof.

The New Way.

THEY'VE broken down the barrier
That custom used to raise;
The girl, if you would marry her,
Must do it all, these days.
Papa and dearest mamma seem
Not "in it" as of yore—
When most they favour love's young dream
The more you may deplore.

It used to be the proper thing
To cultivate mamma,
And give her potted plants, and bring
Cigars for "dear papa";
But fashion now has made it wise
To court the girl alone,
To read her hieroglyphic eyes
And tremble on her tone.

Then, in some lonely, dark retreat,
Far from the haunts of men
Or maids, she'll bring you to her feet,
Then bring you up again.
She'll educate you to the ways
That suit her inclination,
And marry you in ninety days
By average calculation.

Not for Sunday-School Books.

SHE is little, but she has her own way of looking at things, and her views are occasionally startling.

"Mamma," she said thoughtfully, when she heard her mother tell the maid that she was "Not at home," "is it all right to say you're out when you're in?"

"Oh, yes; it's the common custom, you know," explained the mother.

The little one pondered for a while, and then inquired in her solemn way:

"Suppose the Lord should say that when we get to Heaven?"

Of course, this story ought to end with the statement that the mother at once saw the error of her ways, and ever after insisted that the truth should be told, even to callers; but the mother laughed and thought it was a good joke, and told some of her friends about it, and the maid still says "Not at home" when the mistress doesn't wish to receive. That's why the story never will get into the Sunday-school books unless it is revised.

Where the Banjo Came From.

OVER half a century ago, in the town of Banjoemas, on the island of Java, a negro native of the place, desiring an instrument to accompany his voice, conceived the following plan: Taking a cheese-box and crossing it with goat or sheepskin, he ran a handle through it; then, using violin strings, which were tuned to the first, third, fifth, and eighth notes of an octave, he gave it the name of "banjo," from the first two syllables in the name of his native town.

No banjo of this time is known to be in existence, but from descriptions handed down they must have been very rude instruments. As the years passed improvements were made. Throughout the Southern States of America banjos became as plentiful as picaninnies, and negroes might be found on any plantation who could "make the banjo talk."

About ten years afterwards the banjo made its *début* in London, where it was enthusiastically received. Men forgot cares of business or state while listening to the tum-tum of the banjo. As the instrument is now made, it is pretty enough to have a satin ribbon on it, and be suspended from the neck like a guitar.

In a clever performer's hands, the banjo seems capable of doing everything—bells chime, waters ripple, winds blow, birds sing, and many other pleasant ideas are evoked; but it will never do for romance. Its very name is against it; whether from association or not, we cannot connect romance and the banjo.

A YANKEE paper mentions the case of a near-sighted hen which mistook sawdust for Indian meal, and ate heartily thereof, then laid a nest full of wooden knobs, and in three weeks hatched out a set of parlour furniture.

LORD NODDLES: "Aw, I say, captain, what is that land we see ovah there?"

Captain: "That is Australia, my lord."

Lord Noddles: "Ye don't say. I thought Australia was a larger country than that."

A SCIENTIST says: "The palæozoic cockroaches are distinguished from living species by having five veins in the wings instead of four, and having a decided mesozoic aspect." This is highly important; but a woman when she sees one of these insects will not care whether it has five or fifteen veins in the wing. She will give a scream, draw her skirts tightly about her, and give the insect such a violent rap with an old shoe that it will have more of a mashed than a mesozoic aspect.

WHEN PLAYS HAVE BEEN INTERRUPTED.

THE CURIOUS EFFECTS GOOD ACTING HAS HAD ON SOME PEOPLE.

PLAYGOERS of to-day do not appear to fall so easily under the influence of the power of the performer or the vividness of a striking situation as in times gone by. They do not so quickly lose their own identity, so to speak, and become so absorbed in the drama as to be carried away with the interest of the plot to such an extent that they feel themselves not merely spectators, but participators in a real and tangible incident.

But when plays dealt more with homely and natural stories, and less with fantastic and "woman with a past" class of drama, folk seem to have been more emotional and enthusiastic. They forgot the mimic side of the picture, and only saw before them life in miniature, as they understood it.

For example, when they were playing the almost immortal *Green Bushes* at the Adelphi during one of its many revivals, Mdme. Celeste, in the character of Miami, the Indian, had to shoot her English husband, by whom she had been deserted, and after firing the pistol, a woman started up and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Serve him right; he's just like my monster!"

This explosion of insulted womanhood, produced by the "cunning of the scene" and Mdme. Celeste's powerful acting was naturally followed by a burst of laughter from all parts of the house.

At the Olympic Theatre, in the autumn of 1874, when the *Two Orphans* was being acted, a young lady sitting in the stalls hurled her opera glasses, with the exclamation, "You beast!" at Mrs. Huntley (La Frochard), who was ill-treating Mr. Henry Neville, the cripple Pierre, in the garret scene.

It was a critic who uprose, on the first night of the late Charles Reade's drama, *It's Never Too Late to Mend*, at the Princess's Theatre in 1865, and vehemently protested against the flogging business in the gaol scene, as being inhuman and untrue to life. However, it was true to life, and the discussion that ensued tended to crowd the theatre for many months.

The great Grimaldi could not invariably rely upon success for his old wheezes. He was once hissed at Sadler's Wells Theatre after singing his celebrated comic song "Tippitywitchet," and he appealed to the audience. He "had nodded," he said, "frowned, sneezed, choked, gaped, cried, grinned, grimaced, and hiccoughed; he had done all that could be done by brow, chin, cheek, eyes, nose, and mouth, and what more did they want?"

"Why, we want," yawned a languid voice from the pit, "we want a new feature!"

The Duchess of St. Albans used to relate an anecdote of herself when she was the unknown Miss Mellon that is worth repeating.

"When I was a poor girl," she wrote, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during my holidays, where I was always well received. I was to perform in a new piece—one of those affecting little dramas—and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl reduced to the utmost poverty.

"A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists upon putting her in prison, unless someone will go bail for her. The girl replies:

"'Then I have no hope, for I haven't a friend in the world.'

"'What! Will no one be bail for you, to save you from going to prison?' asked the stern creditor.

"'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was the reply, but just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railings, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights, and placed himself beside me in a moment.

"'Yes, you shall have at least one friend, my poor young woman,' said he, with great earnestness. 'I'll go bail for you to any amount; and as for you,' turning to the frightened actor, 'if you don't shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be the worse for you.'

"Every creature in the house rose—the uproar was indescribable—peals of laughter, screams of terror, and cheers from his tarry messmates in the gallery; and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of the hubbub, sheltering me, and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. And he was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager pretending to arrive and rescue me with a profusion of theatrical banknotes."

Macready, of whom many stories were told, says in his "Memoirs": "I remember on one occasion acting in *Venice Preserved*. A long and rather drowsy dying speech of my poor friend Jaffier was 'dragging its slow length along,' when someone in the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, called out very loudly: 'Oh! now, die at once!' when a voice from the other side immediately replied, 'Be quiet, ye blackguard,' and then turning with a patronising tone to the lingering Jaffier: 'Just take your time, will you?'"

During a performance of *Henry VIII.* at Drury Lane Theatre, the actor who played Cromwell, in extolling the merits of Wolsey, delivered as usual the passage: "Ever witness for him those twins of learning that he raised in you, Ipswich and Oxford," when a cheery individual in the boxes cried out: "Hang me if I knew that Cardinal Wolsey was married before!"

SEAS IT IS UNSAFE TO SAIL.

EVEN TO-DAY PIRATES ABOUND IN SOME PARTS OF THE WORLD.

"IT will probably surprise most of your readers to learn that, notwithstanding the huge patrolling fleet of British and foreign warships which to-day encircle the globe, there still exists vast tracts of ocean upon which piracy flourishes openly to an extent undreamt of in law-abiding England," recently said an old naval captain to *P.W.*

"Perhaps the worst spot of all lies between the Straits of Malacca and the Sea of Japan. Both Chinese and Malays are adepts at murder, pillage, and arson; and they are ably seconded in their efforts by the Acheenese, and the natives of the surrounding islands. The most surprising side of the whole proceeding is the unparalleled assurance of the marauders.

"They will board and take forcible possession of their prey almost within gunshot of its port of destination; and, although naturally preferring to carry on their nefarious trade under cover of the darkness, will not scruple to attack in broad daylight, if the circumstances appear to them to favour an onslaught.

"A favourite dodge with them is to ship upon a vessel, either as crew or passengers, when they can wait their opportunity to seize her, without incurring the danger and expense consequent upon maintaining a separate piratical vessel. A typical case of this description occurred in 1893, on the *Rajah Kongsee Atjeek*, whilst that vessel was running between Acheen and Penang. Needless to say, the primary object was money, the ill-fated vessel having some 5,000 guilders aboard, every coin of which was secured by the pirates. The method of procedure was horribly simple.

"The leader of the gang, an Acheenese, having obtained the billet of supercargo, 'engaged' several of his followers as 'extra hands.' As soon as the Customs Officers had left the vessel, a further body of cut-throats, in the guise of gentlemen passengers, put in an appearance. These were shipped without question by the unsuspecting captain, and the vessel proceeded to sea. Immediately the coast was clear, these fiends, in human shape, grouped themselves in previously allotted positions, and engaged their intended victims in conversation. Then, at a signal from their leader, a score of gleaming creases leapt from their places of concealment, and before the defenceless passengers and crew could realise what had happened, the deck was strewn with dead bodies.

"In all, twenty-four passengers were killed outright, whilst eighteen others, who sought shelter in a boat, were drowned by its capsizing. The captain and the two mates, all three gallant Englishmen, died fighting to the last, whilst twenty-two members of the crew were massacred where they stood. The terrible amount of slaughter was, no doubt, owing to the fact that thirty-two of the crew and nineteen of the passengers were unfortunately without arms of any sort. Since that episode, however, merchant captains embarking the guileless Oriental have been far more strict in searching him for concealed weapons—a very necessary precaution when the colour of your shipmate's skin happens to be yellow.

"Another similar case was the celebrated looting of the *Namoa*, which occurred off Hong Kong in 1890. Practically the same tactics were adopted as in that of the Acheen boat. A large number of apparently peaceable Chinese passengers suddenly developed into a horde of yelling, bloodthirsty ruffians and, although only five hours out from Hong Kong, shot the captain and another white man and wounded most of the officers. Then, after 'lifting' everything upon which they could lay hands, they steered for Ping-hoi. Here they escaped into a fleet of friendly junks and made off, having first taken the precaution to thoroughly disable the steamer's engines.

"A still more flagrant case was that of the *Pegu*, which was relieved of her cargo of 15,000 dollars by a similar ruse. This occurred so recently as 1896, the English captain and a dozen of the passengers and crew being done to death by some ten Acheenese, who came on board as passengers with a native woman. It is surmised that the arms of the party were carried beneath the woman's dress, as on entering the vessel and being subjected to the customary search, the men were all found to be without weapons.

"It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the whole of the Chinese coast, from Foo-Chow southwards, has a piratical junk lurking in every creek. More especially is this the case in the neighbourhood of the larger ports, such as Canton, Hong Kong, Amoy, and Macao, where, despite the constant presence of British gunboats, the trade goes merrily on.

"With an ever active intelligence department established in every port, in order to glean anything worth knowing about the movements of rich merchants (whom they hold to ransom), and valuable cargoes, the pirate horde have only to lie low until their prey has set sail, when they immediately follow upon a course which will bring them within gunshot about night-fall. The rest of the dismal business is perhaps best left to the imagination. China has, as yet, no Royal Humane Society, and her ways of dealing with her enemies, although unique, does not make pleasant reading.

"Until quite recent years, one of the most successful pirates of the Pacific was one, 'Bully' Hayes, whom one regrets to have to acknowledge as a fellow countryman. Although his crimes were not always unattended with bloodshed, Hayes was upon the whole a model of gentlemanly deportment. Indeed, upon at least one occasion, when he was captured by the United States warship *Naraganset*, he so won over the officers and crew of his floating prison, that they became possessed of the conviction that he was a most long-suffering individual, whose gentlemanly bearing was quite inconsistent with the crimes he was alleged to have committed. So confident were they of his spotlessness that they actually released him and provided him with a new set of sails wherewith to start life afresh, which he presently did, with a vengeance.

"Hayes' favourite dodge was to obtain command of a fully loaded trading vessel—a task in which his characteristic affability invariably stood him in good stead—and after selling the cargo to pocket the proceeds, ship some of his old chums as crew, and—trust to providence. His first appearance was in 1858, at Honolulu. From that date right up to the 'eighties, when he was killed by one of his own officers, his life was one continual round of nautical 'moon-shooting' with other people's ships and cargoes; a proceeding which was occasionally varied by successful raids upon both British and foreign trading stations in the South Pacific.

"Another singularly successful series of piracies, happily bloodless, have for years past been associated with the Australian gold shipping trade. As every schoolboy knows, a large portion of the gold received by the Mint and the Bank of England hails from the Antipodes. This is brought to England in specially built strong rooms, generally situate beneath the captain's cabin, and of which that officer alone possesses the key, which he is supposed to carry upon his person by day and night.

"Despite all these precautions, however, the gold occasionally disappears in the most mysterious manner, and great is the outcry against the pirate. This gentleman generally boards the vessel in the character of a seaman or passenger, and is not in the least given to the self-advertising cocked hat and skull and cross bones of melodrama. Nevertheless, his work, if bloodless, is none the less complete, as the following incidents will show.

"In 1865 the *Aredale* lost £5,000 in gold bars whilst lying at a New Zealand port. During the 'seventies the P. and O. boat *China* lost a similar amount. In 1880 yet another £5,000 was stolen from the *Tararua* at Melbourne; nine years later the *Iberia* lost 5,000 sovereigns on her voyage to London from the same port; whilst only so recently as in 1897 the *Oceana* was similarly relieved of this fatal amount, upon the equally fatal Melbourne to London voyage. All of these piracies were planned with the greatest skill, and although in three out of the five cases the greater portion of the missing gold was subsequently recovered, it was only after many years had elapsed from the dates of their commission.

"But, even at the present time, one is by no means obliged to journey either to the Antipodes or to unsavoury Penang in order to come across cases of piracy. The aptly named 'Riffians' of Northern Morocco, whose deeds of wholesale plundering are often committed almost under the shadow of 'the Rock,' are by far the most audacious of present-day pirates. Possessed of a touching appreciation for a whole skin, on their own side, they carefully avoid large vessels; but nothing from a private yacht up to a fair-sized barque, is safe from their depredations, once she runs too far over to the African coast. Not only do native craft fall a prey to their rapacity, but every year French, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, and even British vessels are captured and their crews held to ransom.

"One would naturally imagine that a British gunboat or two could speedily put a stop to this state of things. This, however, is not the case. Not only will the pirates retreat to their inaccessible fastnesses in the interior upon the first hostile demonstration, but they have an unpleasant habit of treating their prisoners as hostages for the gunboat's good behaviour. The usual result is that the ransom is paid, and the gunboat departs without having effected any permanent alteration in the native ideas of morality."

WATTS: "Doctor, do you believe that the use of tobacco tends to shorten a man's days?"

Doctor: "I know it does. I tried to stop it once, and the days were about eighty hours long."

Two Birmingham scavengers were quarrelling as to their respective working abilities, when one, meaning to silence his mate, said:

"Well, Bill, you can sweep the middle of the street, but you can't do an ornamental piece of work like sweeping round a lamp-post."

BLOTTING-PAPER was discovered in 1455. Previously to that, when a man dropped a splotch of ink on the lower left-hand corner of his paper, he would give it a flick towards the right-hand corner with his tongue, and make a better picture of the last comet than any that has yet appeared in the illustrated papers.

Comforting for the Captain.

AN English captain, whose ship was stationed off the coast of Ceylon, went for a day's shooting, accompanied by a native attendant. Coming to a particularly inviting river, the officer resolved to have a bath, and asked the native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary. The officer thoroughly enjoyed his dip, and while drying himself he asked his guide why there were no alligators in that pool.

"Because, sir," replied the Cingalese without hesitation, "they plenty 'fraid of sharks."

Betrayed by the Telephone.

YOUNG Prosser was unsophisticated and child-like, and had come from the country to take a clerkship in a City office.

Not long after his arrival a telephone was fitted at the place, and this he was expected to work. His first experience with it was very unpleasant. On hearing the call of the bell, he put up the receiver to his ear, and distinctly heard his employer's voice ask for certain information.

Now, Prosser in his simplicity thought that as his employer was two miles away, it would be necessary to shout with all his might, so he thundered his message back. But to his chagrin, back came the answer:

"I don't understand you at all."

Prosser yelled again and again, but with no better result. Then a solution of the difficulty occurred to him, and he softly soliloquised:

"I wonder if the old idiot is deaf."

His blood ran cold as he heard the sound of his governor's voice in response:

"No, Prosser, the old idiot is not deaf, and gives you a month's notice."

Passing an Examination.

A CHARMING anecdote is told of Professor d'Arcy Thompson, the expert sent to America by Great Britain to investigate the Seal Question.

While conducting examinations at an English University, he learnt that one of the students to be examined, a young woman, who was a candidate for a degree, was so timid and so nervous that it was likely she would not do herself justice, and he was asked to make allowance for this.

Professor Thompson asked to be presented to her before the hour for the examinations, and after meeting he suggested that, as they had a few moments at their disposal, he would be pleased to have her show him about the museum.

She gladly assented to this, and they spent a delightful half-hour. When the dreaded time approached the nervousness of the young woman became apparent.

Finally, she summoned courage to ask when the ordeal would take place. The conclusion of the story is obvious—Professor Thompson told her the dreaded hour was over. While they sauntered about the museum he had put her through a rigid examination, she had answered his questions brilliantly, and she received her degree.

That Feeling of "Being Stared At."

THERE are scores of scientific people in the world that seem to find no better fun than demolishing popular notions about things. Here, for instance, is a professor who discusses the widespread belief that a person sitting quietly in an audience occasionally becomes aware that he or she is the object of scrutiny, and on looking about finds that this is true.

The expert declares that there are some facts underneath the supposition, but that the facts have been misinterpreted.

In the first place, it is pointed out that a nervous disposition to turn round in one's seat, glance over one's shoulders, and perhaps fumble the back hair, is a common trait of many well-bred, as well as many ill-bred folk.

In the second place, it is argued that in any large and well-filled auditorium there will always be several persons so seated as to be looking, naturally and not by design, toward the spot where any individual may be. Consequently, if the individual turns round and begins to survey the house, he cannot fail to catch the eye of someone, who will thus appear to have singled him out.

The muscles are always under more or less unconscious strain, that calls for some sort of motion to secure relief. It is this that deludes a person into the belief that he "must" turn about in his chair. Such compulsion is no more mysterious than the disposition to turn one's ear so as better to catch a sound.

The professor asserts that he has experimented with a lot of people that pretended to be sensitive to the gaze of other persons or to be able thus to influence other people. And he says that he invariably gets "negative results," by which he doubtless means that the sensitive folk cannot be persuaded to look round at the proper moment and in the right direction, and that those who lay claim to a special capacity for controlling others fail to control them.

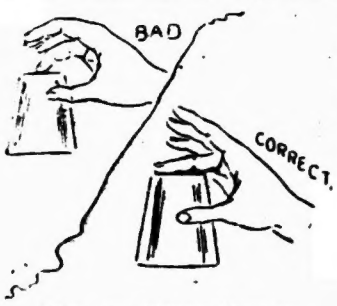
Mr. G. R. Sims in "The Referee" of April 16th, said: "M. A. P. is a bright and interesting paper which has quickly pushed its way into a huge circulation."

THE COURSE THAT CHEERS A DULL DINNER-PARTY.

HOW TO MAKE FUN FOR A TABLE OF DINERS.

AMUSEMENT is like variety, which, according to Cowper, is the very spice of life that gives it all its flavour. There are times when you find yourself one of a dinner-party who are anything but cheerful; in fact, sometimes your friends are very dull, and, if yours should be an excitable temperament desirous of joining in a constant stream of real merriment, but restrained by surrounding conditions, this checking of your flow of spirits will tend to make you dull, and your outing will not carry pleasant recollections afterwards.

Now to spice such proceedings and to draw people out at a dull dinner, here are some capital dinner-table tricks, which doubtless your host would only be too pleased to let you perform for the benefit of his guests.



Raise your tumbler this way.

These are very simple tricks, and during dinner, at all events, you cannot do more than one conveniently, and this one you do pretending meanwhile to be quite unconscious of it.

While talking to your next door neighbour, or addressing a question to your host, you turn a tumbler upside down, apparently not thinking of what you are doing, and placing the second finger of the right hand across the top of the tumbler and your thumb half way down the side you lift the glass up. This will not unnaturally cause some little surprise and amusement, and thus you set the ball rolling.

You will be asked to do the trick again and again, and probably you will have imitators who are bound to fail.

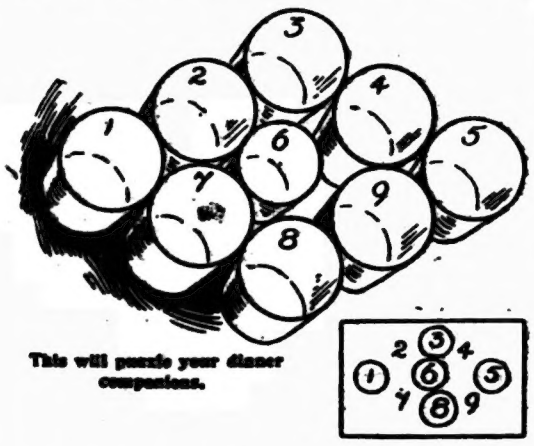
It is a novel idea to introduce a thing like this during dinner, but it has been done and has contributed largely to a very successful dinner which at the outset promised to be very dull indeed.

Simplicity of a trick suggests its greatest charm. Now that tumbler trick is exceedingly simple yet few people succeed in mastering it the first half-dozen tries, and the effort to do so supplies a constant stream of fun at the table. No pressure is required at all; only a proper arrangement of the fingers as shown in the illustration.

The usual method employed by those who try it is to press the ball against the side, bending the thumb at the first joint and bending the finger placed on the top in such a way as to suggest that the operator can find a hitherto unsuspected notch in the glass for the accommodation of the finger-nail. This very pressure robs the trick of its charm. You should hold the finger rigid over the top of the glass and raise the other fingers up so as not to be in the way, as it were, while the thumb resting against the side of the glass is only very gently pressed. You now raise your hand and the glass will rise too.

Here are some more tumbler tricks. Start off with the nine glass diamond trick, a trick which is sure to puzzle the unwary, yet it is a simple one.

You take nine tumblers and arrange them diamond-wise, but seeing that each glass touches the rim of two others at least. Now the trick is to remove four

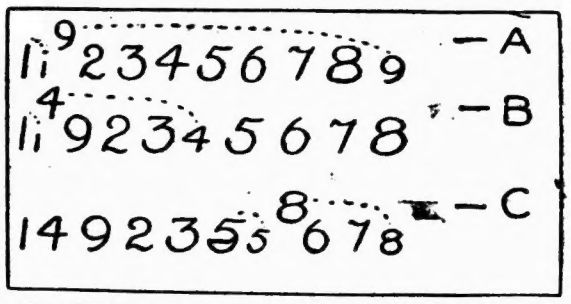


This will puzzle your dinner companions.

tumblers without removing the remaining five out of position, and leaving the glasses perfectly clear of one another. The key is to be found in the accompanying illustration.

Another trick with nine glasses is called the 1492 trick. Put the glasses in a straight row, each having a number written on a slip of paper. The tumblers must, of course, run from one to nine consecutively, from left to right.

You move No. 1 a space to the left, and then No. 9 takes the place just occupied by No. 1. No. 1 is moved again another space to the left while you are moving No. 4 to the space just vacated by the former. You now move 5 to the place formerly occupied by 4, while 8 comes to the space just vacated by 5. You will then have the desired date in front at the left-hand corner



The object is to arrange the glasses in the following order, 1 4 9 2 3 5 8 6 7, in three moves, moving only two glasses in each move.

with the glasses all in a row. But it must be remembered that the essayist can only be allowed three moves of two glasses—and two only—at one time. The year 1492 is memorable as the year in which Columbus discovered America.

Another little trick is called the water trick. You take two tumblers, one being half filled with water and placed at your left. You now invite the company to make the glass containing the water appear on your right without touching or moving either glass or allowing anyone else to do so. Of course the problem will be given up as an impossible thing. You hold your hands near the glasses to show that the water is on the left, and by simply passing round the table and facing the glasses from that side, you have the water on your right.

Of course, it is only a trick, but simple as it is, it causes no end of merriment.

The Little Japanese and Her Hair.

THE most striking difference between the appearance of the male and female Japanese lies in the hair.

The men shave nearly the whole of the head, while the women allow it to grow, and even add to it by art when required. It is then twisted and coiled into elaborate and fantastic patterns which few Eastern hairdressers could imitate or equal.

The hairpins used are not so much for confining the locks in their places as for actual adornment, and are very fashionable. They are of enormous size, seven or eight inches in length, and half an inch wide, and are made of various substances, tortoiseshell, carved wood, and ivory, many of them being composed of carved figures adroitly pivoted so as to appear to dance at every breath drawn by the wearer.

Others are made of glass, and are hollow, and nearly filled with some bright-coloured liquid, so that at every movement of the head an air bubble runs from one end of the pin to the other, producing a most curious effect in a strong light.

Sometimes an extra fashionable woman will wear a dozen or more of these pins in her hair, so that at a little distance her head looks as if a bundle of firewood had been closely stuck into it.

MAMMA: "You ought to be more careful. There's Jimmy Jones, he scarcely ever breaks any of his toys."

Johnny: "Yes, and he don't get half as many new ones as I do."

MAGISTRATE: "Do you mean to say the lady swore at you when you stepped on her skirt?"

Fitz William: "Yes, your worship; only she done it with her eyes."

"PAPA," said Tommy Treadway.

"Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Treadway, "I shall answer only one more question to-day, so be careful what you ask."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, go on."

"Why don't they bury the Dead Sea?"

"POOR Jarley—the boys played a great trick on him," said Bigelow. "Jarley went shooting for quail, but all he bagged was a rabbit. The boys stole the rabbit and filled the bag up with toast, and when he got home, he told Mrs. Jarley that that was all he got, emptying the contents of the bag on the floor. She'll never believe that Jarley was sober."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing, except that she thought he must have done his shooting in a restaurant."

THE SAYINGS OF THE LOWER DECK.

SOME QUEER EXPRESSIONS JACK USES ON BOARD SHIP.

ANXIOUS to acquire some of the "lower-deck," sayings used in the British Navy, a prize was offered in *P.W.* some little time ago, and this has been won by Chief Petty-officer H. H. Trevell, H.M. Yacht *Victoria and Albert*, Portsmouth.

Our sailors have acquired a remarkable slang of their own, as will be seen by the following, which are in daily use on board of Her Majesty's ships:

The Boatswain is "Tommy" or "Tommy Pipes."
The Carpenter is "Chippy."
An Able-Seaman is a "Jarbee."
A Stoker is a "Cinder-knotter."
The Master-at-Arms (chief of police) is the "Jaunty."
His Assistants (ships' corporals) are called "Crushers."
A Carpenter's Crew is a "Wood-spoiler."
A Cooper is called "Jimmy Bungs."
The Ship's Steward's Assistant, "Dusty."
The Captain of the hold, "Tanky."
The Boatswain's Mate, "Buffer."
A Bandsman is a "Wind-jammer."
The Sick-bayman is a "Poultice-mixer."
The Painter, "Putty."
The Sailmaker, "Sails."
Signalman, "Bunting-tosser," and the Drummer "Sticks."

Biscuits are "hard tack," and preserved meat, "Fanny Adams"; it is also referred to as "soup and bully."

Fresh meat boiled with vegetables in the copper is "copper-rattle"; while plum pudding is "plum duff" or "figgy dowdy."

To be asked by a messmate to pass the "lighthouse" is simply a request for the pepper-box; a similar request for a "gibby" means a spoon.

To hear of a man being "smashed" means that he has lost his petty officer rating; while to hear that he has got a "lift" expresses the opposite—that he has received promotion.

A man breaking his leave is said to be "stretching it," and if after punishment he is heard to upbraid himself for his folly, he is said to be "flogging the cat." "Long may your big jib draw," conveys to a messmate all the possible good you can wish him; while "I'll stretch you along like a Yankee main tack," has a far different meaning.

"Cocking a chest like a half-pay Admiral," is often used to describe the bulk of a person who is considered to be putting on side.

To be told you look like "a billygoat in stays" is not a compliment.

To "spin a cuff" is to tell a story, and to be told to "cut" the latter signifies you are to stop and generally to go on with the job in hand.

The order to "heave round," "look slippery," or "shake a leg" means you are to make haste.

To "top your boom," or "shove off" is to leave the company you may be conversing with.

While the modern expression, "Well, you take the cake" is now often used, its equivalent, "Well, you paul my capstan" still may be heard.

To be told to "buck up and take a chilly," is an intimation for you to shake yourself together, especially so if the person in question has had a "cooking day"—a drop too much. The sun is said to be "over the foreyard," when referring to anyone not sober, and to hear of So-and-so having "rolled up" means that he is dead.

"Raggie" doesn't sound very select, but such is the expression used on the lower-deck. Once a man takes a greater liking to one man more than the remainder of the ship's company, they at once become known as "Raggies."

Naval proverbs are interesting but not very expressive to the uninitiated. For instance: "First on the topsail and last in the beef-skid," is the expression made concerning a smart seaman.

"Pick him up and pipeclay him and he'll do again," is often used to express that a marine has slipped down a ladder leading to the lower deck.

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BOOKS BOUND IN HUMAN SKIN.

A GRUESOME FAD OF MEDICAL STUDENTS.

ALTHOUGH it is not a matter which has become widely known, the fact is nevertheless assured that human skin, as a material for pocket-books, slippers, card-cases, and other toilet accessories, has of late become popular as a fad among prominent society women of New York and other leading American cities. This somewhat gruesome fancy undoubtedly originated among the medical student population, who, as a class, are distinguished for an inordinate affinity for the uncanny and the novel.

It has long been a custom of the young doctors, during their work in the dissecting-room while operating upon a corpse, to select portions of the skin for their private use, take them to the tannery to be converted into leather, and after that process has been completed to have made from them articles for their personal adornments, for the ornamentation of their rooms, or for presentation to their lady-loves.

Many a maiden, whose beauty of person or modishness of costume has captured the fancy of the youthful doctor's discerning eye, has become the recipient of some dainty little article in leather which evoked enthusiastic expressions of admiration from her unsuspecting mind.

It might be a case for her visiting-cards, finished with a neat silver clasp engraved with her monogram, or a coin ornamented in dull blue and red markings, an anchor, or something boldly suggestive of so horrible a design as a skull and cross-bones. She wonders what such unheard-of pocket-book decorations mean. And her admirer explains:

"The litt'e anchor or the tiny cross-bones with the skull between are tattoo marks."

"Tattoo marks of what?"

"Tattoo marks on a sailor—on his wrists."

This is quite incomprehensible to the young woman. Further elaboration is necessary. It seems that the little case in her hand, which looks as though it were made of dog skin, is not that leather at all, but has been developed from the human skin. The designs upon it were made when the material was still the covering of a living being. They are the tattoo marks which always appear on that numerous class of subjects brought to the medical institutions which have a nautical history, the bodies of sailors.

The scene which follows this dissertation of the medical man, results in the cessation of all friendly overtures between his sweetheart and himself, or again, it becomes the initiation of the lady into all the frights and freaks of the medical laboratory, from which she emerges a more courageous and possibly a wiser damsel. Which result, of course, depends upon the nature of the lady-love, and on the tact and diplomacy of the lover.

However, even if his offering is rejected, the doctor in the case need have no fear for lack of means in utilising next the piece of skin which he will have an opportunity of getting. Boots and slippers, wallets, tobacco-pouches, cigar-holders, handkerchief-holders, picture-frames, fancy boxes, and a hundred other oddities for the bedroom and the toilet table are made of leather.

The favourite decorations for these unique leather goods are the marks already mentioned in connection with the maiden's purse. Happily for the student, the seamen, whose persons after their decease so frequently serve as specimens in the dissecting-room, have a particular fondness for decorating their skin with tattooed pictures.

A skull and cross-bones or anchors are the favourite designs for the smaller pieces of work, while a highly coloured ballet dancer, done in a sort of spread eagle style, takes the lead in the larger sketches, such as are executed on the chest or back. Every line of the tattooed picture remains intact upon the leather, thus greatly enhancing its strange and weird effect.

These large pictures on immense sheets of skin, hinting at an æsthetic effect in spite of their grotesque design and crude execution, are pet ornaments for the walls of the medical dormitories. Tacked on the wall, with their conspicuous co'ouring and strangely outlined illustrations, they strike the fancy of the college youth as no *chef-d'œuvre* of the master artist can.

One of these large pieces of human leather taken from the trunk of a man's body is a highly-treasured possession of the University of Pennsylvania, on the wall of one of wh se buildings it is hung as a most precious curiosity. At this institution there is also a most interesting collection of various kinds of human tegument converted into leather, which was begun in the year of 1818 by the curator of the Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology, and which has gradually been enlarged by the additions made by his successors in office.

A huge glass jar, hermetically sealed, is the receptacle for the collection which comprises big and little leather bits from a variety of people, and part of the body. The lighter skin tan a yellow, the darker becomes a deeper brown, while the negro's scalp, with its stubby covering of dead wool, suggests a piece of Astrakhan fur.

The somewhat uncanny whim of tanning the skin of human beings and making it up into useful and ornamental trifles, though long associated with the life of callow young doctors, is not by any means confined to them. Upwards of thirty years ago, when Professor Leidy, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, wrote his famous work, entitled "Principles of Practical Anatomy," he commissioned his assistant, Dr. Nash, to go to Europe and arrange for a cover for it made of human skin. This binding was not coloured, but looked like pigskin. Upon the death of the author the uniquely-covered book was purchased by a fellow-physician and, later, deposited in the Rush Library, where it still remains.

Quite apart, however, from professional circles, whose proclivities, especially among the more youthful element, are so notoriously gruesome, the fad has formed devotees whose ardour rivals the undergraduates of the medical institutions.

Society women have taken up with it to such an extent that there is an acknowledged demand for goods in human leather, such as fanciful slippers for the boudoir, each with a skull and cross-bones tattooed at the spot where the bow of ribbon or silver buckle is usually to be found, or a tiny pocket book ornamented back and front with tiny tattooed anchors, or a handkerchief holder, with the most innocent aspect imaginable, gracing a dainty dressing table with its delicate fawn hue and its pink or blue ribbon bows.

Writing cases, too, have been successfully attempted, and with the use of tattooed skin can be made into very curious looking objects.

One of Philadelphia's women of fashion keeps alive the memory of her departed husband by carrying a unique pocket-book made from the skin which covered his thigh.

Repulsive as the idea of human leather may at first seem, there is something in it after all, which fascinates. The human make-up warms to the horrible. Murder, war and rapine, blood and thunder, constitutes the chief interest in a novel for, probably, the majority of the readers of fiction. Column after column of detailed narration concerning the ghastliest crimes are served up in the journals of the day, to satisfy the fever thirst of their readers for what is hideous and agonising.

For this reason alone, if for no other, the curious fad over human leather promises to have a somewhat notable reign.

Proved by Algebra.

"I WISH," said the young man, as the twilight deepened, "I could believe you loved me as much as I love you."

"That," replied the Girton maiden, "is simplicity itself. Suppose I demonstrate it to you mathematically."

"Well," he responded, somewhat doubtfully.

"You and I," continued Miss Axiom, "belong to a certain circle, do we not?"

"Yes," he assented.

"Consequently," said she, "we might call ourselves radii of that circle."

The young man nodded.

"Two radii of a circle are equal to a third radius of the same circle. It is established beyond all possible dispute that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.

"Now," she concluded, in triumph, "if you and I are both equal to an unknown quality, which we will call x——"

"What is x?" he interrupted.

"Our love for each other," was the prompt reply. "If," she repeated, "you and I are both equal to x, our mutual love, then, as things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, I must love you in the same ratio that you love me."

And he was so satisfied that, not needing any more light on the subject, the gas was not lighted up for fully two hours.

HOTEL PROPRIETOR: "We don't allow any games of chance here."

Gambler: "This isn't a game of chance. My friend here has no chance."

THE grocer was industriously sorting his eggs as to size, and putting them in three different baskets.

Enter the man who always wants to know.

"What are you doing all that for?" he asked.

"For eggs, sir—size," laconically answered the grocer.

[An illustrated guide that will enable the reader to see this joke at a glance can be had on application. Post free, 1s.]

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 34.

THE consolation prize of £25 is divided between six persons, each of whom had one mistake in his list:—

D. JAMES, 1 Newland Street, Barry.
Pte. J. FITZGERALD, H.M.S. Minotaur, Portland.
W. E. NIXON, Cambrian Cottage, Red Cross Street, Wolverhampton.
TED KIRBY, 100 Albert Road, Dalston.
R. VEAL, Strathnairn, Moseley, Birmingham.
S. TAYLOR, Clifford Terrace, Pendennis Road, Staple Hill, Bristol.

MY FRIEND—

THE Duchess of Fife is an excellent fencer.

MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON began life as a nurse.

THE Pope has invested all his private fortune in British securities.

MISS BRADDON was at one time an actress playing small parts in the provinces.

PRESIDENT LOUBET was born on a little farm in France, which his mother still manages.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT prefers hunting and fishing to any other of her manifold forms of amusement.

PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES has taken up a hobby formerly indulged in by her aunt, the Princess Louise—the collection of old silver.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK is the only living man who can claim to have won distinction as a man of business, a politician, a scientist, and a man of letters.

THE Emperor William has one peculiarity, which is that he will have several kinds of bread on the table at every meal, of all of which he partakes in turn.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR scarcely ever reads a daily newspaper. Two secretaries prepare a kind of news summary for him every morning, and he peruses that at the first free moment.

SIGNOR TOSTI, although he has lived for years in London, has never been able to master the English language. His conversation with his friends is usually carried on in French.

KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN is the most musical of reigning monarchs. In his young days he was regarded as the most accomplished tenor in Europe, and could have made a fortune out of his voice on the stage.

KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK considers that he has not spent the day properly if he has not had a game of whist during the evening. This is a form of amusement to which our own monarch is certainly not averse.

DR. W. G. GRACE is good at other games and sports besides cricket. He is a capital billiard player, a good shot, a cunning devotee of the gentle art of fishing, and can hold his own with most people at a game of whist.

THE German Empress is like her Consort in at least one respect; she is an early riser—not because her husband wills it, but from choice. The Imperial pair are always up a long time before the breakfast hour of eight o'clock.

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY possesses the most costly lace handkerchief in the world. It is valued at six thousand pounds, and took three expert lace-workers five years to make. It is so light that you can scarcely feel it when it is laid upon your hand.

MADAME ALBANI never omits to take with her, wherever she goes, portraits of the Queen and Princess Beatrice, given to her by her Majesty and her favourite daughter. The great singer seems to regard those photographs with almost superstitious awe.

THE Pope, when a young man, was very short-sighted, but as he grew older the range became longer. He usually wears glasses for reading print, but the excellence of his sight is, perhaps, the most noticeable feature of His Holiness' striking personality.

MISS ELLEN TERRY is resuming a former hobby, photography. She was an adept at the art a few years ago, developing her own plates like an old hand, and she talks of publishing reproductions of past efforts. They would undoubtedly be interesting reminiscences.

MR. J. H. BLACKBURNE attributes his success as a chess-player to his memory, which is indeed wonderful. And, though it seems paradox'cal, the attention that he has given to the game is largely the cause of his having such a good memory; practice has developed the faculty.

THE Prince of Naples is anxious to be numbered among the Royalt'es who have produced books. He is compiling a book on Italian coins, mediæval and modern; he has a large collection of these coins, but there are many thousands of them, and he is asking for the help of those who possess specimens.

THE Prince of Wales is very fond of animals, and has a collection of pets at Sandringham. He bought a little green parrot one day as he was crossing Trafalgar Square with an equerry; it used to hang in the hall at Sandringham and talk splendidly, saluting visitors with a request for three cheers for the Queen.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN writes most of his music at his country house during the summer; he does comparatively little of it in London. He works at night. Many of his friends, while admitting that comic opera pays best, are sorry that he devotes so much of his talent to it; he could do much better work.

THE Tsar's peace message was largely due to the influence of a book. He read the novel "Lay Down Your Arms," by the Baroness von Suttner, which has been translated into most languages, and was so struck with the moral therein painted that he set to work to think what he could do in the cause of peace.

The circulation of M. A. P. is going up by leaps and bounds—buy a copy of this week's issue, and you will understand why.

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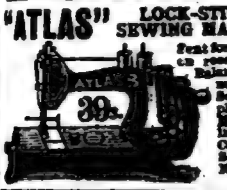

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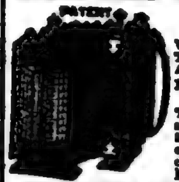

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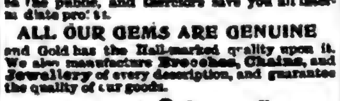

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THE DOOM OF THE THAMES.

THE TIME IS COMING WHEN LONDON'S SILENT HIGHWAY WILL DRY UP.

A FEW days ago *P.W.* was visiting the house of a wealthy collector of curios in Camberwell. After inspecting some splendid mediæval Italian paintings, renaissance, sculpture, metal work by Cellini, and Quentin Matsys—not to mention the writing-table of Thomas Carlyle and chair from Abbotsford—he was invited into the grounds, where the owner, with manifest pride, exhibited what he considered the most valuable curiosity of all.

The ordinary observer would not have considered the section of dry ditch a few feet wide possessed anything of remarkable interest. But it was of historic value, as the very last remnant of the river Effra, once a broad navigable stream up which Queen Elizabeth sailed with an escorting squadron of war vessels to visit Sir Philip Sidney at Brixton.

The fate of the Effra has been that of many other Metropolitan rivers. They have dried up for want of nourishment, when the forests that once surrounded their sources were cut down, and the springs consequently dried up. Forests not only increase the rainfall, but they protect the rain from evaporation and give it time to sink into the earth and feed the springs.

Thus, as a district becomes thickly inhabited and drained, all the rivers decrease gradually in volume and importance. You can see the process rapidly at work with the Wandle at Tooting, and the Ravensbourne at Lewisham. In the case of the latter river, there is a particular spot where twenty years ago one used to enjoy a capital swim. We revisited that spot recently. The decadence was terrible. We found only a narrow brooklet and a few inches of muddy water.

Can we venture to predict that old Father Thames must one day share the fate of his tributaries? There are instances of rivers almost as large and important falling at last, through the force of circumstances, into bankruptcy. In the fourteenth century the city of Bruges, in Flanders, enjoyed the position now occupied by London as the great port of Western Europe.

Gradually the interior became better settled. A period of peace and prosperity encouraged the progress of agriculture. The forests were cut down, villages sprang up, and the watershed was drained. The River Roya became too shallow for shipping, and the port of Bruges had to be removed to the estuary at Sluys, fifteen or twenty miles away. Now there is no river at all either at Bruges or Sluys, only a few stagnant canals. The estuary has silted up, and Sluys is an inland village, the sea not being visible over the marshes even from its high church tower.

As we know it now, the "silent highway" of London is but a remnant of the mighty torrent of which ancient Westminster formed an island. It has been dwindling ever since, in 1487, Parliament confirmed the charter of the Thames Conservancy. And no Londoner can deny that it is still visibly decreasing. Of late years it has given up as a vain task the attempt to regain by periodic inundations the thirty-seven acres wrenched from it when the Embankment was constructed.

At low tides in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall Bridge it is possible for an adventurous person to wade across. Its life-blood is being sapped by methods much more destructive than those which ruined the river at Bruges. Every town along its banks is adopting a system of drainage which diverts a large portion of its natural supply. Every day the water companies draw for the consumption of the Modern Babylon some 200,000,000 gallons.

And another point must be borne in mind. All rivers which empty into the North Sea have a tendency to become silted up with sand at their mouths. This process is somewhat retarded by the force of the stream. Every gallon less of water pouring through London Bridge downward means many cubic inches more of sand deposited in the Channel. The time is, we hope, still a long way off, but it must eventually come when the Port of London will become choked with silt and decay like Sandwich, Nieuport, Sluys, and many other famous harbours whose glories are now only a memory.

Perhaps—it is unsafe to make positive predictions—the County Council of our great-grandchildren will have to consider a scheme for a Thames Sewer like the great Fleet Sewer which the Board of Works constructed thirty years ago. Perhaps in another century or two London Bridge will only be the name of a street, conveying as little idea of spanning a body of water as Knightsbridge in the present day.

HOUSEKEEPER: "I ordered a dozen oranges to-day, Mr. Titefyst, and you only sent me eleven. How was that?"

Grocer: "Well, ma'am, one of them was bad, and I didn't think you'd want it."

MRS. GREENE: "Do you always give your little boy castor oil for a cold?"

Mrs. Gray: "Yes, I give it for its moral effect exclusively."

Mrs. Greene: "For its moral effect?"

Mrs. Gray: "Yes, it will have an influence upon him not to catch another cold."

Where We Come From.

THE new butler was more of a success in the servants' hall than at the sideboard. He was absent-minded, and often pronounced the wrong kind of wine, and in fits of abstraction he demolished a good deal of expensive cut-glass.

But the cook, in a confidential interview with her mistress, pronounced him a great acquisition.

"How's that?" asked the lady of the house.

"Well, he talks so cleverly," said the cook. "Last night, for instance, he explained things to us for an hour and a half."

"Explained things! What things?" said the mistress, now really interested.

"Well," was the reply, "he was telling us how we are all descended from Mr. Darwin!"

Floggers of Boys.

AMONG schoolmasters whose names have come down to posterity with the dubious reputation of great floggers, Dr. Busby, of Westminster School, is the generally acknowledged chief.

Of him it is recorded that one of his head boys having insulted a young French viscount, who came to the school to demand satisfaction, he flogged the viscount first for his blood-thirsty intentions, and next his friend who was the bearer of his challenge.

At a later date, Dr. Bowyer, the Master of Christ's Hospital, bears the palm—or perhaps it should be the birchen wreath—for general and promiscuous flogging.

Dr. Valpy, too, who edited an edition of the classics, was a potent wielder of the rod. Archdeacon Groom, who was a pupil of his, tells a story in illustration of his prowess.

One of the boys had been flogged by the redoubtable dominie, and the lad's father came to complain.

"Sir," said Valpy to him, "I flogged your son because he richly deserved it. If he again deserves it, I shall flog him again. And," rising, "if you come here, sir, interfering with my duty, I shall flog you."

The parent fled.

Screens Made of Tobacco.

"QUEER customers for cigarettes? Yes," assured the tobacconist; "customers who don't intend to smoke what they buy. Some time ago, an elderly lady bought dozens of boxes of cigarettes; we wondered how she disposed of such a quantity, knowing well that she didn't smoke them. She relieved our curiosity one day, and this is what she said:

"'I am making a fire-screen of the cigarettes, having just completed a door-screen, which has quite an eastern effect. I thread the rolls as if they were so many great beads, leaving two inches of thick silk band between each. There are two thousand cigarettes in my door-screen; six hundred will be ample for the smaller one.'

"And then she invited me to see the result of her efforts. The effect was charming as it was expensive. A light frame of bamboo was literally threaded from top to bottom with silk and cigarettes. Some of the latter were tinted or gilded, and, as the proud owner declared, the screen was quite Indian in its effectiveness. Many of her friends refused to believe that the tubes were anything more than paste-board rolls, until permitted to examine them.

"The fire-screen she is working with gilt and cork-tipped cigarettes exclusively. She is making this to pattern, the protected tips meeting in such a way as to carry out her design. Luckily she has neither sons nor nephews, or her artistic efforts might suffer."

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WHERE GOLD IS OF NO VALUE.

BUT PIGS' TAILS, RED FEATHERS, AND DRIED COD COUNT FOR MUCH.

PEOPLE in civilised countries lay much stress on the value of silver and gold, but there is an island chieftain out in the Pacific who will have neither, nor will any of the 200,000 people over whom he holds sway. This chief is To-Kinkin, the ruler of the Bismarck Islands.

In the land of To-Kinkin nothing is good but shell money, and this chief has been so thrifty in times past, that he has accumulated £10,000 worth of shells, and has them all garnered in a strong house of his own building against a rainy day.

You can visit the island possessions of this barbaric king and scatter your gold about at will, but you cannot allure the natives with it. They will not have it. If a man were starving there, and a meal depended on the purchasing of it with the yellow metal, or with white either, he might starve for all the use his gold and silver would be.

The money is made from cowrie shells, and the native word for it is *dwarra*. It is a little ivory-like looking shell, and is found 300 miles from the Bismarck group, on the shores of the Villaumer Islands. It is just scarce enough and pretty enough to make it valuable as a medium of exchange.

Through each little shell the natives bore a small hole, and then string it on pieces of rattan, the rattan being about the diameter of a stout twine string.

Six feet of this money is worth about four shillings, and when the possesser wants a pennysworth of anything, he chops off a section with his knife and hands it over.

Usually the money is worn in a coil about the native's neck or over his arm when he goes shopping. Small pieces, which correspond to the farthings, he carries in his hand or in his hair, for the natives are not very well supplied with pockets.

To-Kinkin, who may be called the Rothschild of the Bismarck Islands because of his relatively enormous wealth, has 50,000 fathoms of this money; the fathom is the unit of value there, and values are reckoned up or down from it.

Nobody has ever robbed Chief To-Kinkin, and he has grown more prosperous as the years rolled on. He got the foundation of his fortune by selling islands to traders and missionaries some years ago and taking Snider rifles in exchange. These guns he sold by retail to his subjects. Rifles were a great rarity there, and possessed an enormous value.

The result was that the chief had the natives coming from far and near to him and bringing their shell money, which they had exerted themselves in an extra hazardous way to obtain. It should be mentioned that there are some other kinds of shell money in use there, but its circulation is limited, and is not like the *dwarra*, the money of the people.

First, there is a little black shell, in which a hole is punched, and it is put on a string. Ten inches of it is worth fourpence. This is known as *pele* or *fele* money. Then there is another shell, a ten-inch string of which is worth from eight to ten shillings. There is a pig's tail on the end of the string, and this adds to the value, as a man will soon find if he has a string of it and happens to lose the pig's tail. The pig is a highly honoured animal in these islands. That is why his tail, beautifully coloured, adds value to such coin current in the realm.

But the people of the Bismarck Islands are not the only ones who dispense with gold and silver coinage. In the Malay Peninsula, for instance, coins resembling small wafers are made from the resinous juice of a tree. They are probably of smaller value than any other coins of the world, one thousand of them being estimated to be worth only a penny.

The islanders of Santa Barbara still use shells, and a good horse may still be bought for a string of them. Among the aborigines of California a species of abalone shell was so highly estimated that a horse could be had for a single specimen.

Among other peculiar forms of currency used elsewhere may be mentioned red feathers in certain other islands of the Pacific Ocean, cubes of tea in Tartary, and iron shovels or hoes among the Malagasy. Corn has been the medium of exchange in the remote parts of Europe from the time of the ancient Greeks to the present day. In Norway corn is even deposited in banks and lent and borrowed.

Eggs are said to have circulated in the Alpine valleys of Switzerland, and dried cod in the colony of Newfoundland.

Salt has been circulated not only in Abyssina, but in Sumatra, Mexico, and elsewhere. Copper bars or skewers were used in Greece. In Thibet and some parts of China little blocks of compressed tea are used as money.

In the last century sugar was used in the West Indies and tobacco in Virginia, and the landed proprietors in Virginia have been reduced to such straits that they were compelled to use dried squirrel skins as money.

The "Newsagent and Booksellers' Review," says: "There is no doubt about it, T. P. has scored his greatest success this time." Buy M. A. P. and see for yourself.

Harnessing Old Sol.

A NEW miracle-worker has arisen in the West with an invention that is to do away with coal, wood, or other fuel in the manufacture of steam. The sun is to generate steam, the steam is to manufacture electricity so cheaply that it will be possible for the smallest manufacturer to use it at a lower cost than any other motive power. The humblest citizen will profit by the new system, for he can have electricity in his home to do all his cooking, lighting, and heating, and it will be cheaper for him than coal, wood, or petroleum.

The plan of Nikola Tesla, the New Wizard of the West, is to harness the rays of the sun to do man's bidding. It is the boldest engineering feat that he, or anyone else, ever attempted. The idea is as simple as it is great. It consists of concentrating the heat of the sun on one spot by a series of mirrors and magnifying glasses until the resulting heat is terrific.

This manufactured heat is directed upon a cylinder filled with water. This water is chemically prepared so that in a short time it has evaporated into steam, and has passed through a pipe into another chamber. Here this sun-made steam operates a steam-engine of ordinary construction. This steam-engine is used to generate electricity. And this electricity can be used either at once, or stored up in batteries for days when there is no sunlight.

Of course, every private person could not afford to build a station where the sun's rays might be harnessed. Tesla's plan is that in every city and town the local authorities shall build one or more of these sun-stations by public taxation for the use of the whole population, just as these cities now have water works, and gas plants. Each factory and home will then get its supply of electricity from the nearest sun-station by ordinary electric wires.

The advantage of this invention is that the cost of manufacturing steam to generate electricity, which would propel, say, one hundred tram-cars, would be infinitely smaller than the cost of coal to do the same work. When once the sun-station has been completed, the cost of running a hundred tram-cars will be only the salary of a few engineers in charge of the sun-station.

Nikola Tesla is engaged on perfecting many other inventions which bid fair to revolutionise existing things. He has perfected a plan, for example, of transmitting power without wires; he has discovered how we may see by telephone; he has invented a means of employing electricity as a fertiliser; and he is able to manufacture artificial daylight, so that our nights may be made rather more light, if anything, than our days.

What the Eyes Tell.

BLUE eyes are said to be the weakest.

Upturned eyes are typical of devotion.

Wide open eyes are indicative of rashness.

Side-glancing eyes are always to be distrusted.

Brown eyes are said by oculists to be the strongest.

Small eyes are commonly supposed to indicate cunning.

The downcast eye has in all ages been typical of modesty.

The proper distance between the eyes is the width of one eye.

People of melancholic temperament rarely have clear blue eyes.

Eyes in rapid and constant motion betoken anxiety, fear or care.

Eyes with long, sharp corners indicate great discernment and penetration.

The white of the eye showing beneath the iris is indicative of nobility of character.

Grey eyes turning green in anger or excitement are indicative of a choleric temperament.

When the upper lid covers half or more of the pupil the indication is of cool deliberation.

An eye, the upper lid of which passes horizontally across the pupil indicates mental ability.

Unsteady eyes, rapidly jerking from side to side, are frequently indicative of an unsettled mind.

It is said that the prevailing colours of eyes among patients of lunatic asylums are brown or black.

Eyes of any colour with weak brows and long, concave lashes, are indicative of a weak constitution.

Eyes that are wide apart are said by physiognomists to indicate great intelligence and tenacious memory.

Eyes of which the whole of the iris is visible belong to erratic persons, often with a tendency towards insanity.

Wide-open, staring eyes in weak countenances indicate jealousy, bigotry, intolerance, and pertinacity without firmness.

Eyes placed close together in the head are said to indicate pettiness of disposition, jealousy, and a turn for fault-finding.

When the under arch of the upper eyelid is a perfect semicircle, it is indicative of goodness, but also of timidity, sometimes approaching cowardice.

All men of genius are said to have eyes clear, slow moving and bright. This is the eye which indicates mental ability of some kind, it does not matter what.

Blue eyes are generally considered effeminate, but this is a mistake, for blue eyes are found only among Caucasian nations, and the white races rule the world.

Girls who Play at Sailors.

SINCE the days of the wicked but martial Queen of Babylon, many women have dotted the pages of war's history, and if the opportunity were given the athletic womanhood of to-day, there is little doubt that some female soldiers would go marching into battle, wearing bloomers, knickers, or skirts, as their varied inclinations prompted.

This may seem far-fetched, but a number of young women in the United States could speak more fully on the subject, for at Hoboken exists the only regularly organised naval company composed of women in the world.

The guard consists of sixty patriotic, strong bodied young women, who can fire a gun without shutting their eyes, and climb a rope ladder with the agility and steadiness of a genuine seadog.

The organisation is called the Young Lady Naval Guards. Its motto is "Honour the Stars and Stripes," and to protect the flag from insult and injury is the one great object of the Guards. It has several smaller aims but as it is partly a secret organisation these are not for public information.

The Guards have been in existence for about a year. Any respectable girl between the ages of twelve and twenty-five years is eligible for membership, providing she takes the oath of the organisation, which requires her to swear that she will uphold the flag even at the risk of her life. It can be seen from this that the young women are heavily charged with patriotism, and that if war broke out they would have to fight the enemy or violate the oath.

None of the girls claim to be able to manipulate a modern man-o'-war, but they do claim to know something about navy regulations and discipline, for they have studied these matters most assiduously since the organisation of the Guard.

The only enemy they have so far encountered is matrimony. Every time a girl has married she resigns, and there have been quite a large number of marriages in the Guards, and there would doubtless be a great many more should an outbreak of hostilities seem probable.

There is a lady captain, a lady surgeon, and a lady foremaster—the latter, curiously enough, an English girl. They are instructed and drilled once a week by a naval officer, and anticipate doing great things in the deplorable event of war.

That's an interesting article in the first column, isn't it? We may say that you will find a great deal more about this wonderful invention in the MAY PEARSON'S, *besides many other articles of equal, if not greater, interest.*

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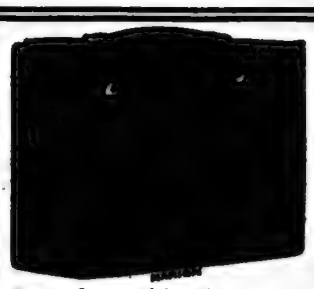

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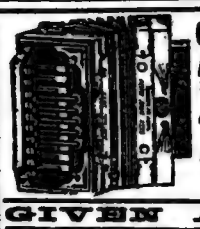

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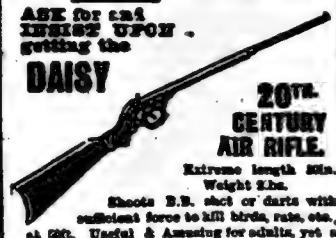

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Simon Vantbrace.—Proprietor of the Grey House Asylum.
Victor Vantbrace.—His son. A "Man-about-town." A scoundrel, who lives by preying on the weaknesses of "gilded youth."
Percy Milborne.—A young spendthrift.
Alfred Spriggs.—Alias "Flash Alf." A professional burglar.
Bully Beaumish.—A night-hawk.
Sergeants Trevor and Godbold.—Of the detective police.
Kate Milborne.—Sister of Percy, and ward of Surgeon-General Cathcart.
Nina Elmslie.—Head nurse at the Grey House. A woman "with a bad past and a worse present."
Lottie Vantbrace.—Daughter of Simon. With hankerings after the peerage.
Mrs. Spriggs.—"Flash Alf's" mother. Keeper of a wardrobe shop in Drury Lane.
Gussie.—"Flash Alf's" sweetheart.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

LINDSAY CATHCART starts for India in quest of a valuable diamond which is to restore the fortunes of his father, retired Surgeon-General Cathcart, and of the latter's ward, Kate Milborne, who is Lindsay's sweetheart. Kate's hand is being sought by Victor Vantbrace, a predatory scoundrel who has ruined her brother Percy. Lindsay's plans have been overheard by "Flash Alf," a young burglar, and as he starts he receives an anonymous warning that a notorious criminal is going out to head him off in the search for the diamond, of which news has been received as being at the sacred shrine of Chanda.

After Lindsay's departure Kate is called on by Dr. Zincraft, a shady medical man, who puzzles her with strange questions. Simon Vantbrace, proprietor of the Grey House Lunatic Asylum, discusses with his son Victor the expected arrival of a new female inmate in whom Victor is mysteriously interested. Nina Elmslie, the head nurse, with whom Victor has intimate relations, shows displeasure, but is pacified with the assurance that Victor is acting on behalf of a friend in bringing the expected new inmate to the asylum.

In the meanwhile Lindsay arrives in India, and at Chanda finds "Flash Alf" a prisoner in the temple where he had gone to steal the diamond. They are beset by fanatical natives.

Kate is taken to the theatre by her brother Percy, and on the return is lured by him into a brougham, in which is Dr. Zincraft and a keeper She is driven to the Grey House and delivered as a "patient."

After being tortured with threats for six weeks, Kate receives an anonymous letter, ostensibly from a friend, in which a scheme for her escape is propounded. She dresses for a journey, and at eleven o'clock at night someone appears at her window. It is Victor Vantbrace, who names marriage as the price of her freedom. Kate refuses, and just as Victor leaves, Nurse Elmslie appears.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT THE KEYHOLE.

NINA ELMSLIE'S eyes travelled slowly from the hideous hat on Kate's dainty head to the boots on her feet, thence to the open window through which the sounds of the scuffle were now dying away, and back again to the flushed and angry face of the patient. For the moment the girl was more stirred by the infamous bargain offered to her by Victor Vantbrace than by her discovery ready dressed for escape.

"So there *was* a man in the case, after all," said the Nurse, with malignant emphasis. "I am afraid that your lover has been having a bad time of it below there. He appears to have fallen into the clutches of one of the keepers."

"Pray don't call him my lover," returned Kate furiously. "I had just threatened to raise an alarm if he didn't go away, and nothing that happens to him can be too bad. There is some conspiracy against me that I cannot fathom. I believe that you are in it," she added, in shaking tones. "How else should you have known the wretch's name and mentioned it to-day?"

So that was how the land lay, thought Elmslie with a thrill of mingled pain and satisfaction at having discovered the truth. The girl had been brought there to force her into a marriage with Victor as the price of her release, and she would have none of it. Elmslie had known all along that Kate was in the asylum, not because she was mad, but for the purpose of having pressure put upon her; yet she had not been sure whether the "man in the case" was Victor. Now that she did know, and knew also that his victim hated him, by some strange freak of the feminine heart, Nina Elmslie hardened against Kate Milborne more than ever. Possibly it lowered her self-esteem to find that Kate would rather suffer detention in that house of tears than accept what she herself would have given her soul to win.

"Take off those things and get into bed," she snapped out, walking to the window and closing it. "It is a sure sign of incurable lunacy when people talk of conspiracies against them."

True to her policy of acquiescence in all things possible, Kate obeyed the order. Vaguely and unconsciously she began to be interested in this woman, who within twelve hours had told her that she was sane, now hinted that she was mad, and through it all showed so much personal feeling. That an inexplicable enigma was enveloping her existence she was well aware, but that the head-nurse of the asylum, hitherto a stranger, should be weaving herself into it seemed like the hand of fate. For the first time since her imprisonment brave Kate cried herself to sleep.

Having locked the patient in, Elmslie stood for a moment irresolute, and then, instead of seeking her own bedroom, descended the main staircase into the front hall.

"At all risks, I must hear those two talking over their next move," she muttered. "That is, if Dan Highton has left that scoundrel Vic breath enough to talk with. It sounded as if he was giving him a pretty good d ing."

Blowing out her candle, she cautiously opened the swing-door leading into the private wing, and, finding the passage in darkness, stole on tip-toe to a door at the far end, under which a ray of light filtered. It was the door of Simon Vantbrace's own *sanctum*. From this room a French window opened into the garden, and the first words that came through the keyhole had reference to it.

"Wait till I fasten the window," Victor was saying. "There, that's done it. Yes; I look a bit of a scarcrow, don't I? I have had a fall, but there's more mud than blood in the mess. No bones broken."

"But what 'appened? She couldn't push you off the portico, eh?" came in the elder Vantbraces's throaty gurgle.

"No, though she would if she could," replied Victor, with an ugly laugh. "She had just given me the straight tip that she would have none of me when Dan Highton came along. He'd been to the lodge-gate to leave a message about the brougham, and seeing the ladder he lay for me, not knowing who it was. As soon as I had begun to come down he tilted the infernal ladder over, and spilled me into the drive. I was fairly riled, but, of course, he had done the right thing, believing that he'd chanced on some outsider helping a patient to escape."

Now, not to make a mystery of minor details, Highton's presence on the scene was not quite the accident that Victor Vantbrace thought. Simon himself, in collusion with his son, had given the under-nurse the note which was to raise Kate's hopes of escape, and had instructed her to smuggle it in to the patient without saying a word about it to anyone. But the under-nurse being much more afraid of her immediate chief than of Simon, promptly took it to Elmslie, who mastered the contents before the gum of the envelope was dry.

Having seen Victor drive up to the Grey House that morning, Elmslie guessed that he was to be the scaler of the portico-roof, and she took measures to prove it by sending Highton with a message to the lodge-keeper at the hour when the ladder would be up at the portico. Highton was accounted the biggest bull-dog among the male attendants, and might be trusted to roughly interfere with the bogus rescue. And now with her ear glued to the keyhole, she gloated over the result of her scheme. Victor Vantbrace had promised her marriage many times, and she was furnished with the proofs of treachery which her hungry soul demanded. Armed with that knowledge, it would go hard with her if she did not thwart him yet; but she would take care, she promised herself, that no tenderness should be shown to her unwilling rival. She felt that she could tear Kate Milborne limb from limb. Who was this chit of a girl—to despise what she, Nina Elmslie, panted for?

"I 'ope 'ighton will 'old his tongue," Simon said next. "'Twouldn't never do for it to get about that you were found outside a female patient's window. Next time I had to sack a nurse or a keeper they'd carry the tale to the Visiting Justices."

"I made that all right with a sovereign," replied Victor carelessly. "And now, governor, we must settle on the next step, as I doubt if I shall be down again for a week—unless something turns up—I'm not sorry she didn't accept my kind offer to-night. I never thought she would, but if she had it would have been mortal risky to let her out before we knew for certain that Lindsay Cathcart has copped the big diamond."

"He's pretty sure to get it, ain't he?" said Simon.

"I hope so; I have based the whole plan on that," Victor replied. "As you know, the idea is to make him pull the chestnut out of the fire, and restore to the girl the fortune which that old fool of an Army-Surgeon has lost for her. But I don't want the girl without the diamond—or, rather, the proceeds of it. It is on the cards that he may fail, or be bested by Flash Alf in spite of the anonymous warning I sent him."

"How soon shall you know?" asked the asylum-keeper.

"I have calculated that the earliest date at which either Cathcart or Alf can arrive in England will be by the mail which should land them at Dover three weeks from next Friday," was the reply. "They won't have been long ashore before I find out which, if either, has been successful."

"That gives me three weeks, then, in which to 'arrow up Miss Kate so as she'll change her mind," remarked Simon thoughtfully. "Between you and me, Vic, I think she's really loony—the genuine hartiele. Blamed if she isn't—to prefer this shop to a 'andsome 'usband like my 'andsome son," he added, with one of his bursts of paternal pride.

"Well, it would do no harm to begin to exercise a gentle pressure of the resources of the Grey House," said Victor. "That's what she's here for. What shall you do with her? If I'm going to marry her, I don't want her beauty spoiled."

"I shan't do that," said Simon, in his most business-like tone. "I guess I shall have to shove her in the refractory—commence to-morrow very likely—but I shan't keep her there right along, like the others. Gently does it with them as are going to be your own flesh and blood, as it were."

Victor laughed callously, and Nina Elmslie, straining her ears at the door, thrilled with triumph. A lot of misery could be inflicted in three weeks in the company of the crouching girl and the poor "roasting-jack" lady—whatever happened afterwards.

There was a pause in the voices behind the door, and then the springs of Simon's armchair creaked. He had evidently raised himself suddenly—to put a "happy-thought" question, as it transpired.

"But whatever are we going to do with the gal if the wrong chap—Flash Alf, ain't it—gets the dimond?" he gurgled. "It wouldn't be safe to let her go after what's 'appened; she'd raise Merry Cain against the Grey House, soon as she'd found, or her friends had found, where she'd been. It's a thundering good job, Victor, my son, she didn't catch on to-night, if there's any risk of your not finding her worth the price of a marriage license. Don't you see? She's bound to stay here now, unless her lips are sealed as your wife. But who's to stand the racket? I can't 'ave her 'ere eating her 'ead off at my expense—indefinite. You're only paying for three months' board; are you prepared to keep on shelling out over her till Kingdom Come—if she's no use to you?"

There was a long pause, during which Nina Elmslie pressed her hand to her bodice to still the beating of her heart in her eagerness to learn the alternative fate intended for her rival. What would Kate Milborne's ultimate choice really mean—to become Victor Vantbrace's wife, or—to what? Would they never speak in there? She could hear the stertorous breathing of the elder man, and the ashes dropping into the grate, but as yet the sentence was unpronounced. Then, suddenly, came the chink of a glass replaced on the table—a nerving draught, was it?—and Victor said slowly:

"It isn't likely I should go to that expense."

"Then what's to be done with the gal, if she ain't furnished with a sufficient dowry through Cathcart's journey to Hinjia?" snapped Simon.

Again there was a pause before the reply. When is came the words used by Victor Vantbrace sounded harmless enough, but they made Nurse Elmslie's knees tremble for all that. Not with fear or with pity, but because she felt that she had the key of the position—a steep position too.

"*Zincraft would give us something to finish it,*" was what he said in low, impressive tones.

Simon's answer was not of the sort upon which evidence is built; it did not even take the form of speech. But the burbling laugh which fell upon the listener's ears convinced her that Mr. Vantbrace, senior, approved of his son's proposal, and then a yawn and the noise of shifted chairs warned her that it was time to be gone. She turned to beat a retreat to the baize door, and found that her presence in the private wing was not to pass without a witness. A flicker of light shone from a passage at right angles to the one she was in, and Lottie Vantbrace came round the corner, holding a candle in one hand and a shawl-wrapped face in the other.

"Why, it's Nurse Elmslie, I declare, and in the dark, too. How you startled me!" she exclaimed, darting a suspicious glance at the unlighted candle which the head nurse held. There was no love lost between these two, the familiarity which she had on more than one occasion surprised between the handsome nurse and her brother being repugnant to the fair Lottie's aristocratic aspirations. Elmslie felt that, if she was to keep her secret hold of the weapon which she had just gained by her eavesdropping, she must throw dust in the eyes of her employer's daughter, and her quickness of resource came to her aid.

"The swing-door blew my candle out," she said promptly lighting it from the other. "I am on my way to make an urgent report to Mr. Vantbrace if he hasn't gone to bed You are up rather late yourself, are you not, Miss Lottie?"

"I am suffering agonies from toothache, and want to ask my father for some tincture of opium," was the reply more than substantiated by Miss Vantbrace's swollen face.

"Poor thing; come along then," said Elmslie, and returning boldly to the door at which she had been listening she knocked and entered, followed by Lottie. It was not her cue to leave the latter alone with the two men, possibly to air any suspicions she might have formed through finding her in the dark—suspicions which she would probably have forgotten in the morning. So with a great show of sympathy she insisted on waiting till Lottie had departed with her tincture before stating her business, spending the interval in a friendly chat with Victor, whose soiled coat she affected not to see.

Then she informed Simon that she had come down on the chance of finding him up in order to report the strange behaviour of a patient. She had looked in, the last thing before retiring, she said, upon Miss Milborne, and had discovered her standing dressed for outdoors in the middle of the room, the window being open. But not a word did she let drop of having heard the scuffle below, nor did she give any trace of her knowledge that Victor had been outside.

Simon was sleepy and more or less fuddled, but his natural cunning enabled him to simulate enough surprise to make Elmslie laugh inwardly.

"You never don't mean to tell me that!" he exclaimed. "That shows, don't it, what a cracked loony she is. Old Zink made no error about *her*, evidently, seeing as she couldn't get loose without the bars being cut, and there wasn't anyone to cut 'em for her. You locked her in again, and shut the window, of course, Elmslie? Good! Then I'll just wipe the floor with the minx in the morning. Quite right of you to tell me, my dear. Goo' ni' t'yer."

Keeping up appearances by a saucy toss of her head at Victor, Elmslie took her departure, and made her way to the room of which, as head nurse, she was the sole occupant. It was a luxuriously-furnished little chamber on the front landing of the asylum, nearly opposite Kate's.

"I'm well out of that," she murmured as she locked herself in. "It would never have done for that clown-faced fool, Lottie, to have spoiled the cards I have drawn this night. Lucky I had a tale to pitch to them that tallied with what they already knew to be fact."

She threw herself into an arm-chair, and sat for half an hour thinking.

"It amounts to this," she murmured, at length; "if Flash Alf hasn't got the diamond in India, he must get it in England, or someone else must, before they've bullied the girl into this marriage."

Another long rumination ended in a clearance of the puckered brows and a triumphant curve of the full lips.

"That ought to do it!" she exclaimed, rising decisively. "Old Zincraft is acquainted with every night-hawk and wrong 'un in London. He's sure to know this Flash gentleman, and I can twist him round my little finger. I'll work it through him. Zinky or one of his pals shall be on hand when the travellers return, and if the burglar hasn't scored already I'll back him at the finish."

M. A. P. is written in that bright, vivid, and interesting style which Mr. T. P. O'Connor has made peculiarly his own, and in which he is a past master.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Idol Pays an Old Debt.

We left Lindsay Cathcart hard pressed in the Hindoo temple at the sacred village of Chanda.

Led by half a score of priests and fakirs, holy men and hangers-on of the shrine, the mob swept onwards into the building, till the flare of their torches showed them Lindsay's pistol levelled straight into their midst. A Hindu's faith in going hot-foot to Paradise, if he dies for religion, is not so assured as that of the Mahometan. It is a speculation on which, though he might be prepared to take chances, he is seldom inclined to face a certainty. And it was very certain that the foremost of those fanatics—they read it in the young Sahib's threatening eye—would have to bite the dust if they kept on. They wavered, broke a little to the right and left, and finally came to a standstill some twelve paces away.

Seeing their hesitation, Lindsay breathed again. He recognised that if they had chosen to rush him the affair would have ended in his shooting three or four of the front rank, and then going down himself, overwhelmed by numbers. As it was, he took instant steps to clinch his advantage. There was one very aged man among the leaders, clad in a blue tunic and a yellow turban, who, from his gestures of authority, seemed to be the head priest, and who, while urging the others on, seemed loth to lead the advance himself. Lindsay covered this dignitary with his revolver, shouting in his best Hindustani:

"The first man who moves forward will be the first man I shall kill—after I have shot him at whom I now aim."

The old priest flinched visibly, trying to squirm away from the muzzle; but it followed him round, and he hurriedly waved the others back.

"And now," proceeded Lindsay, "I find that this god of yours is not an honest god. That eye of his does not belong to him; he stole it many years ago. I am here, after a long journey over the black water, to fetch it, and so save you, doubtless worthy and law-abiding people, from worshipping a thief. See! I now remove the eye."

Stepping quickly backwards to the veiled figure, but never relaxing his aim, he felt with his left hand for the idol's face, and, finding the slit, wrenched out the diamond. It came away easily enough, and he put it in his waistcoat pocket. The involuntary shudder that ran through him was not caused by the outburst of rage which greeted his exploit, but by the grisly cheekbones and sunken sockets which his fingers had touched; for, critical as was his position, his chief feeling at that moment was elation at having achieved his purpose. Come what might, he had got the diamond.

How to get away with it was another matter. Between him and the entrance was a solid phalanx of scowling natives, grown singularly silent since the first frenzied howl provoked by his act of desecration. The priest was beginning to mutter with those around him, and Lindsay, catching the ominous word *arg* (fire) oft repeated in the conference, knew that there was to be grim work yet.

In the excitement of his own half-realised hopes he had forgotten his rival in the quest of the diamond. That unfortunate now forced himself into notice with another plea for release, and if Lindsay hesitated it was for want of the means rather than the will. Undeserving as the man was of his assistance, he could not willingly leave him to his fate. In all probability they three—two living and one dead—were the only Europeans who had ever penetrated to the interior of the jungle-girt shrine, and unless he had pity there would be small chance of rescue for the one that was left. But how was he to break the chain and padlock that confined the prisoner's limbs and bound him to staples in the wall?

He put his difficulty into words briefly: "How am I to get the chain off?"

"That is easy enough, sir," said Mr. William Dowsett, eagerly. "I was afraid you didn't mean to try. Put your hand into my side-pocket and you'll find a bunch of skeleton keys. The padlock's heavy, but it's only a Brummagen thing, and you ought to be able to fumble it open. Lucky I brought the tools along."

Lindsay smiled rather grimly at the confession of burglarious designs, but acted on the hint. Extracting the keys, he set to work as best he could, with one hand at the padlock and keeping the pistol pointed with the other. For ten minutes the lock resisted his amateur efforts, but he was so far favoured that the crowd seemed in no hurry for a direct attack, and at last, aided by frequent suggestions from the prisoner, he got the padlock open. All that remained was to run the chain through the staples.

"Thank you, sir! You've acted like a gentleman," exclaimed Dowsett, *alias* Flash Alf, as he stepped forward and took his place by Lindsay's side. "There is a pair of us now, and I can box a bit."

"Yes, but look here," said Lindsay; "before we go any further, let me just tell you this: At the first sign of treachery on your part I shall shoot you down. Are you armed?"

"No," was the reply; "I was obliged to bring a beastly nigger servant with me from Bombay to interpret the native lingo. He stole my pistol and gave me away to the priests. You need have no thought of my rounding on you, sir. I hope to owe you my life, and I don't mind putting in a ten-year stretch if it's a condition of getting out of this."

"Well, I must trust you, I suppose," said Lindsay. "So far as I am concerned you have committed no crime. I should like to know what brought you here—how you knew that I was coming for the diamond."

By the flickering light of the torches, Lindsay saw Flash Alf's pale face take on a look of shame. The young burglar's hand had always been against every man, and every man's against him. It was a novelty to him to be treated as a fellow-creature by a gentleman—one, too, who had shown prowess like his would-be rescuer.

"You shall have the honest truth," he said. "I happened to be cracking your governor's house at Notting Hill the night when you were talking it over. I was outside the door of the smoking-room, and heard every word. It made me sit up, I can tell you, when I heard my old dad's soldier-name mentioned."

"I remember the bathroom window being found unlatched one morning about that time," replied Lindsay. "You—but look out! These chaps are up to something, I think."

For some minutes the crowd in the temple had been gradually melting away, and only the head priest and a few of his colleagues remained inside. Lindsay's exclamation was caused by a sudden stampede on the part of these lingerers. At the same moment, as soon as the priest had disappeared with a last malevolent wave of his staff, several natives rushed in, laden with bundles of dry jungle grass, which they flung down inside the entrance. The besiegers had fallen back on the hackneyed but effective device of smoking an enemy out.

There was no mistaking the temper of the devotees, dancing and hooting like angry demons round the door. The heap of fuel, augmented by the burdens of willing shoulders, was rapidly becoming a huge impassable pile, and Lindsay saw that if he and his companion did not act quickly their lives, as well as the diamond would be forfeit.

"Come with me," he said to Alf. "I mean to jump on to that haystack, and threaten to shoot anyone who attempts to fire it. Perhaps that will cool them, so that we can have a palaver."

But they were too late. As they landed on the top of the pile, and before Lindsay had time to utter his threat, a dusky, nearly naked figure darted forward, and thrust a flaming torch into the grass. With a hiss and crackle it burst into a mass of fire.

To remain or to retreat into the temple meant only a choice between burning and suffocation.

"We must dash for it," cried Lindsay. "Hit hard at everyone within reach. I shan't shoot unless they use knives or firearms."

Around the entrance for the space of twenty yards was a sea of scowling faces, of lean brown arms tossed wildly, of white turbans, and of brandished knives and cudgels. The scene never lacked for a moment its running accompaniment—the deep low growl of an angry mob. Such was the pandemonium against which the two intended victims hurled themselves, expecting instant death; such was the scene which, as they leaped, was rent in twain and dissolved into two rows of shrinking villagers with a clear space between.

For the fraction of a second Lindsay attributed the collapse of the assailants to fear of himself, but an instant later the real cause became apparent. Up the lane, formed by the split ranks of the besiegers, trotted a European Inspector of Police, followed by ten native troopers. With much clank of scabbards and jingle of chain bridles the little troop swept up to the temple and halted, wheeling their horses so as to face the mob and form a semi-circle round the two Englishmen.

"We seem to be none too soon," the Inspector said. "Which of you is Mr. Cathcart?"

Lindsay stepped forward. "You have indeed come in the nick of time to save our lives—and probably some of theirs," he replied, as he pocketed his revolver.

"If you rummage for diamonds in jungle villages you must expect unpleasantness," said the Inspector with a twinkle. "Have you found the stone, may I ask?"

"Yes," Lindsay was beginning to stammer in his surprise; "but how on earth did you—?"

"Oh! that's easily explained," the officer interrupted. "Sir Robert Nicholson wrote to the Commissioner of the District, giving particulars of what you were up to and requesting him to see that you came to no harm. By his orders I rode over from Shahjehanpore, heard of you from the fat Babu who bosses things at the railway station, and came on here. May I ask who this gentleman is? I had no word of another."

The Inspector's hawks' eyes settled on Flash Alf, who had become as limp and shrinking now in the presence of the Law as he had been full of light a minute before. He turned an appealing glance on Lindsay, who little knew how pregnant with weal or woe for his own future, decision was to be. It was hidden from him that on the treatment meted out to this Cockney criminal depended the fate of fair Kate Milborne far away in England.

"I found him here looking for—for a relative," said Lindsay, generously determining to shield the man who had shared his peril.

"For my father," said Alf, accepting the position with ready tact. "There is no doubt, sir, that the diamond Mr. Cathcart has taken from the temple is the one he is entitled to. My father was the man who stole it during the Mutiny. I was only a boy at the time, but I have always understood from my mother that he was last heard of at Jessulpore. I—that is, we—heard a while back that he'd been in this district, and I came out, sir—on behalf of the family, you know—to search for him. I found him in the temple, where he has been worshipped as an idol, with Mr. Cathcart's diamond for an eye, for seven years—three of them as a living man, and four as a skeleton."

"How do you identify the remains?"

"He has still on him his regimental belts and metal badges, and there is the diamond," replied Alf.

"Ah, yes, the diamond," said the Inspector, significantly, with a shrewd glance that bespoke a suspicion of the real cause of his presence on the scene. Guessing that Alf would next be asked the source of his knowledge of the jewel, Lindsay interposed and said:

"I presume that you want to find out, very properly, whether I am justified in taking away the diamond. Perhaps this will satisfy you," and he produced the scrap of discoloured paper that had reached Surgeon-General Cathcart.

The Inspector read it with interest. "This is conclusive," he pronounced. "It is a mystery, though, how it came through after such a lapse of time. It is dated 1860—three years ago, I see."

"Before they tied me up I made some inquiries. If you will send for a man named Goculchand he will explain that," interposed Alf.

At a word from the Inspector a mild-looking young Hindoo was pushed forward by the villagers, who had begun to hope that the diamond was to be restored to them.

"What do you know about this?" asked the officer sternly.

"I will tell you, if the sahib will give me safe conduct from this village," replied the youth, seeming more afraid of the mob than of his questioner. He went on to say that as a boy he had sometimes gone into the temple to play while the priests were asleep, and that one day he had been terrified by Situ, the god of the shining eye, speaking to him. After a while he got over his dread and the god and he became friends.

One day, Situ told him that he was not really a god, but an English soldier who had fallen into the hands of the priests after stealing a diamond from a sahib. He was a one-eyed man, and he placed the stone in the hole of the vacant eye so that the priests should think him a god and spare his life. This they did, but they chained him to the wall of the temple, so that the fame of the Veiled God should bring many pilgrims.

"After many months," Goculchand proceeded, "Situ asked for paper so that he might write to the sahib, whose diamond he had stolen, and so obtain his release. I brought it to him, holding it close to his fingers so that he might write with a stick and ochre paint, but the work was slow and in the midst the priest came in, so that I fled in great fear, carrying with me the covering of the letter, but leaving in Situ's hand the letter itself. Not for four years did I enter the temple again, being sent to Delhi to learn ivory-carving. But on my return a few moons ago I went to see Situ, and found that he had long been dead, though the paper which he had written was still in his hand. Therefore I took it and posted it in the cover, which I had preserved."

"He has acted like a good sort," said the Inspector, "but his life won't be worth a minute's purchase if we leave him here. We will take him down with us, and perhaps under the circumstances you will feel disposed to do something for him. If you are ready we will make a start."

The word of command rang out, and those of the troopers who had been extinguishing the fire in the temple doorway mounted and took their places. The priests retreated muttering, into their huts, and the crowd of villagers began to disperse, sullenly impotent. Lindsay's servant Mana, having rejoined his master, the cavalcade proceeded across the clearing, and was on the point of entering the jungle-path, when a cry was heard behind, and a white figure was seen to be hurrying after them. It was the rascally Lukhman, Flash Alf's Bombay "interpreter."

"Master! Master! not be going to leave me?" he howled in seeming terror. "The jungle people go for to kill poor Lukhman. See, sahib, here your pistol, me no steal it—only take safe care."

The troop halted by order of the Inspector, and Lindsay smiled. The appeal from the Hindoo thief to the English one amused him, especially as Flash Alf seemed somewhat perturbed by it. The Inspector, with his shrewd insight into Alf's original intentions, watched him keenly.

"Well, sir!" said the officer. "Shall we bring him along loose, or do you wish to charge the man? I'll make him a prisoner if you say the word, but we can't leave him to be cut up by these wild folk."

"Oh, I've got nothing against him now I've got my pistol back," faltered Alf. "I don't hold with prosecuting people—leastways, not on insufficient evidence."

The Inspector shrugged his shoulders. He hadn't fathomed Alf to his own satisfaction yet, and bade Lukhman fall in with the rest. In the narrow jungle path there was only room for the mounted troopers to march in single file, and the rescued pedestrians were placed in front of the little column. Lindsay stuck close to the Inspector's stirrup-leather, chatting to his new friend about his adventure. Then came Mana and Lukhman walking abreast, but exchanging no confidences; after them followed Goculchand and Flash Alf, the latter's attention apparently concentrated on keeping his back from being muzzled by the leading trooper's horse.

Thus they marched till they arrived at the sharp corner where Lindsay had obtained his first sight of Chanda two hours before. The Inspector and Lindsay turned the corner, as also did the two servants, faithful and unfaithful, Mana and Lukhman; the youth Goculchand and Flash Alf wheeled after them. The leading trooper pressed closely behind, but, from the acuteness of the angle in the path, not so closely that he did not for the fraction of a minute lose sight of those in front. A moment later a cry from the man caused the Inspector to halt.

"What is wrong?" shouted the officer in Hindustani, in the gloom of the overhanging foliage not at once perceiving any reason for the stoppage.

"See, sahib," replied the trooper excitedly, "there were four, now there are but two."

Looking again, the Inspector, and Lindsay, too, saw what had happened. Between them and the head of the column only the harmless Goculchand and the respectable Mana were visible. The pair of dubious characters, Flash Alf and Lukhman, had vanished into the dense jungle; and, now that the jingle of bridle and tramp of horse had ceased, a faint crackling of brushwood away to the right indicated the whereabouts of one or both of the fugitives.

For an instant the Inspector was non-plussed; the thing seemed utterly incomprehensible. Then he thundered out an order to his troopers to dismount, and almost in the same breath put the quick question:

"Is the stone safe, Mr. Cathcart? Perhaps that accounts for it."

Plunging his fingers into the pocket where he had placed the gem, Lindsay uttered an exclamation of despair.

The big diamond was gone!

(*To be continued.*)

Look out for our Great Cricket Competition next week.

THE DEADLY GREEN LIQUOR.

HOW PARIS IS SLOWLY DRINKING ITSELF TO DEATH ON ABSINTHE.

A FRENCH physician, Dr. Lancereaux, has discovered a new disease, which he calls "absinthism," and which he considers a grave danger for his countrymen, among whom the use of absinthe has rapidly extended during the last ten years.

The evils resulting from the use of absinthe may be attributed, though in a less degree, to a class of stimulants called "appetizers," whose consumption has notably increased of late years in France, and especially in Paris. The bad effects of all these beverages is due to the essential oils of plants added to alcohol, which is of itself often of an inferior quality, and renders them more injurious to the system.

It appears that every kind of alcoholism has its special symptom, and can easily be recognised by the experienced hospital physician, who has frequent opportunities for observation. The alcoholism resulting from the abuse of wine is entirely different from that caused by brandy, whisky, and rum, and both are easily distinguished from absinthism, which presents entirely distinct symptoms.

For every twenty cases of alcoholism that came under the observation of Dr. Lancereaux in hospital, ten could be classed as absinthism, that is, the maladies traceable to absinthe were equal in number to all those caused by wine and spirituous liquors. He had also remarked, in the meantime, that while alcoholism, so-called, remained stationary, absinthism was rapidly increasing.

Alarmed by these facts, he asked exact statistics of the tax authorities, and found his theory confirmed, it appearing that the consumption of absinthe in Paris had increased from 1,380,000 gallons in 1888 to an estimated consumption of 5,320,000 gallons for last year, that is, it has nearly tripled in ten years.

These figures represent the amount of alcohol pure in the liquor, and not its bulk, which would be considerably greater.

The Britisher who has been much in Paris during the last ten years hardly needs these figures to convince him of the ravages that absinthe is making among all classes of French Society.

In 1888 the absinthe drinker, either in the fashionable cafés or in the wineshops frequented by the working men, was the exception. Now he is the rule, and the idle promenader, who, just before the dinner-hour takes the trouble to follow the boulevards from the Opera House to the Place de la Republique, a distance of a mile, will see all the seats occupied before the cafés, and half the clients sipping that liquid whose greenish hue is unmistakable.

If he enters one of the so-called bars, where bad liquors of all sorts are sold from threehalfpence to threepence the glass, he will see a different sort of clients—old men poorly clad, who earn a few sous by selling newspapers, or, perhaps, beggars, who, instead of buying food, buy absinthe, which serves them in the place of food and clothing. Here they may be seen sitting for hours, sipping their poison, apparently unconscious of everything passing about them.

The increase of alcoholism in France is attributed to the phylloxera that destroyed the vineyards, increased the price of wine, and led to the fabrication of wines with alcohol that necessarily engendered a false appetite.

The taste for alcohol once created by false wines and cheap liquors, it was found that stronger stimulants produced more readily the desired effects. From a bad wine to rum, and from rum to vermouth and absinthe, the transition was easy and natural.

BLING: "The trouble with a bore is one never knows what to do with him."

WINK: "Not at all. The trouble is one's always afraid to do it."

A STATISTICIAN says the earth would be heated more than a hundred and ninety thousand degrees by being suddenly stopped—that is, it would at once become more than sixty times as hot as melted iron. Any man who, knowing these facts, attempts to stop the earth ought to be severely dealt with.

LADY HELPER (to small boy): "Will you have some more bread-and-butter?"

Small Boy: "No fear; not while there's any kike about."

Lady Helper (trying to be kind): "Cake? Certainly. Will you have plum or seed?"

Small Boy: "Plum, of course. D'ye tyke me for a canary?"

WILLY WIGGINS: "Will you please tell me where the text was this morning?"

The Curate: "Why, certainly, my little man! The second chapter of John, the fourth verse. I am pleased to know that one so young is so anxious to remember my text."

Willy Wiggins: "Yes; I played hookey from church this morning, and dad always asks me the text, to see whether I was there or not."

SECOND READER.

LESSON XLV.—LITTLE WILLIE WILKINSON.

FIRST VERSE.—Little Willie Wilkinson was a brave boy. He always helped his mother turn the mangle on washing days, and helped mind the baby when he did not have to play ball.

SECOND VERSE.—Little Willie's dear papa was a miner. Every morning at just half-past ten Mr. Wilkinson would start to walk to his office deep in the bowels of the earth, and there in the coal mine, with pick and shovel, he would toil till late to make a few tons of black diamonds square accounts at the grocer's, for his family was large, and, living mostly on groceries as they did, it was ofttimes difficult to dig enough coal to balance the bill for eggs and bacon and other joys of the palate.

THIRD VERSE.—Willie was always very proud to walk home with his father from work, and frequently went down to the mine door to meet him. Sometimes Mr. Wilkinson would let Willie fill and light his pipe for him, and then Willie was indeed very pleased.

One night Willie went out to meet his papa, but lost his way, and fell down the shaft of an old coal mine, 389 feet deep. It was a coal mine that nobody used, and had been left out of doors to rust and decay.

FOURTH VERSE.—Willie was much frightened at first, but when he discovered himself alone in the dark, being a brave boy he went to sleep, and slept till next day. Then he awoke.

FIFTH VERSE.—The first things he saw on looking up were the anxious faces of all the people in town, including his mamma. Willie had been missed, and searchers had discovered him at the bottom of the deep, dark hole. As he glanced up Willie perceived that he was in danger.

SIXTH VERSE.—But Willie's mamma was a woman of great resource and presence of mind. She understood Willie's peril and tried to shout down the shaft, but it was so far that Willie couldn't hear, and he told her so.

Then she took a short piece of board and wrote a few words on it as follows: "Unravel your stocking, Willie; unravel your stocking." She wrote it twice so Willie would know she meant it.

Then she threw the board down the hole to where Willie was waiting. The remark struck Willie forcibly, and he commenced to unravel out the yarn in his sock. In a few moments he had a little pile of nice lamb's-wool yarn. Next he tied a large piece of coal to the end of the yarn and hurled it to the top of the shaft, where it was caught by eager, willing hands.

SEVENTH VERSE.—Then, children, the villagers tied on a stout twine, and Willie drew it down by the yarn. Then they fastened on a small rope, then a large one. When Willie had the big rope he tied that under his arms, and they hauled him ashore to the top of the shaft.

Willie's dear mamma had knitted that stocking, so she knew it would unravel easily. She never regretted her kind act, for she was aware that it saved her brave boy's life. She was a very saving woman, anyway.

EIGHTH AND LAST VERSE.—If Willie had not had the good sense to do as he was told, he might even now be at the bottom of the shaft. Perhaps, though, the brave miners might have thrown him down a boat; then, if Willie had climbed in the boat and let the miners pour water down the hole till it was full, Willie and the boat would have floated to the surface. But I didn't think of this way of saving him till just now, and it would have been more trouble to carry so much water.

Are You Going to the Paris Exhibition Next Year?

How to get there by Paying One Shilling a Week.

EXCURSION No. 1.

For 50 Weekly payments of 1/- or for 10 Monthly payments of 5/-

We provide travel ticket London to Paris and back (third class), accommodation in Paris, from the morning of arrival until the evening of third day, with meat breakfast and dinner each day; excursion to the famous Palace and magnificent grounds of Versailles; two admittances to the Exhibition; customary fees to hotel servants, porters, etc., etc.; conveyance of passengers and luggage on arrival and departure in Paris between station and hotel; Copy of Cook's "Guide Book to Paris"; services of interpreters and conductor whilst travelling between London and Paris.

If anyone requires second class travel and accommodation, it will be covered by

65 Weekly payments of 1/- or 13 Monthly payments of 5/-

Passengers will leave London on the evenings to be announced later, arriving in Paris the next morning. Thus those who leave by the Monday night service will have breakfast in Paris on Tuesday, and accommodation will be provided until they leave on Thursday evening.

EXCURSION No. 2.

For five days in Paris, with carriage drive in the city and excursion to Versailles, the cost will be

70 Weekly payments of 1/- or 14 Monthly payments of 5/-

For the same period with second class travel and accommodation and an additional carriage excursion it will be necessary to make

95 Weekly payments of 1/- or 19 Monthly payments of 5/-

All applications must be made to this office accompanied by the first instalment, stating full name and address, and which excursion and class is desired.

WHY WE REMEMBER AND WHY WE FORGET.

THE memory is good or bad according to the mental or nervous condition of the individual. If you have plenty of sleep, then you remember, because you have an ample amount of nervous energy.

Clench your two hands and place them together. Now the memory is regulated by the nervous system, which is formed of nerve cells. We will say that each hand represents a series of nerve cells. These cells are connected by what are called processes. Press your clenched hands together. The knuckles of your fingers touch one another. That is the normal condition of the nerve cell.

The processes which connect the cells while not inflated are of their normal size. When the energy has been drawn from the nerve cells these processes shrink and the nerve cells are not connected. It is just as when your hands are pressed together, each hand feels the other; they are associated. But move them apart ever so little and that feeling or association ceases.

There are various causes which may bring about dissociation, but the chief of these is fatigue of, or overdraft on, the nervous energy. We will say an oblong space of five inches represents the nervous energy of the system. The normal use of energy would, perhaps, reduce that supply an inch.

Suppose, however, that you do not sleep well, or that you work late. When you begin a new day your supply of energy is not normal, and, therefore, you call upon the reserve. Now the more you call on that reserve the more you encroach upon the power of memory, and more you invite mental affections.

This is what the person does who pays no attention to recuperation, and it is the absolute cause of what we hear called a failing memory.

People have been known to commit crimes, and the following day have no knowledge of their acts.

Worry has exactly the same effect as fatigue, because your nervous energy is constantly depleted, and in an unnatural way. The result is that you find your mind always tired, and that you have small ability to concentrate your thoughts. That is what leads to the expression we so often hear: "Worried and forgetful."

Failure to control one's temper means as severe an injury to the memory as can be given. Irritability means diminution of brain power.

Sometimes it is the case that the harder we try to remember the easier it is to forget. You will read a paragraph in a book over five or six times, with a view of committing it to memory. An hour afterwards you will try to recall it, and fail utterly, and you will be greatly annoyed by the fact that you remember some little trivial thing of no consequence whatever that occurred while you were reading this paragraph.

This is because what you did remember required no effort, perhaps it was something that amused you, but what you read created fatigue more and more as you read it over and over until finally there was no impression at all, the energy was not of sufficient force to cause you to remember.

We hear it said that there are many queer tricks that memory plays us, but memory is not tricky. We are very apt to forget that in order to recall an occurrence perfectly the condition in which we were at the time of that occurrence must be duplicated.

The study of the abnormal conditions of the mind enables us to make far more rapid progress than a similar study of the normal condition. For this reason very valuable contributions to science are secured through persons suffering from various degrees of insanity.

BETH (watching a robin build its nest in a tree near the window): "Oh, mamma, here's a little bird crocheting a work-basket."

"FACT is," said the grocer, "there's no money in coffee nowadays."

"That's one comfort," replied the customer; "but there's almost everything else in it. In the last pound I got there were eight beans, three peas, and a handful of gravel stones."

IRATE CUSTOMER: "That chair you sold me a month ago is a perfect swindle!"

Auctioneer: "How so, madam?"

Irate Customer: "The covering has begun to wear already in places, and shows the springs."

Auctioneer (with gentle deprecation): "Ah, but my dear madam, don't you remember that I particularly mentioned the fact that those fine springs would outlast the chair?"

MAY and Edith are sisters, four and five years old respectively. May had been very naughty, and mamma had taken her over her knee to administer corporal punishment, when Edith suddenly pushed the door ajar and peeped in. Turning her chubby face as far round towards her sister as her peculiar position would admit, May said very gravely:

"Go out, Edie, don't you see I'm busy?"

It is needless to add that mamma granted a respite.

THE NIMBLE PENNY STAMP.

HOW IT IS MADE, COLLECTED, USED, AND OTHERWISE DISPOSED OF.

"I SUPPOSE it is chiefly owing to its cheapness that the penny postage stamp is seldom appreciated at its proper value by the man in the street," recently said a G.P.O. official to *P.W.* "Nevertheless," continued he, "the immense field covered by this apparently insignificant little piece of water-marked paper would surprise a good many people.

"For instance, during the last financial year, no less than £12,862,207 was spent by John Bull on stamps for postage alone; whilst those affixed to deeds, bills of exchange, receipts and cheques, and other similar documents cost him another £7,650,000; the whole working out to rather over 10s. a head for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom.

"In point of price, the stamps issued for the purpose of paying Government duties may be of any value from the familiar 'penny receipt' up to the brilliant £350 article, which is necessary to the due legalisation of the letters patent of a full-blown dukedom; while the value of those required for the new death duties is only limited by the value of the individual estates.

"It is perhaps unnecessary to state, in the first place, that not a little brain has been spread over the problem of producing a really reliable paper for stamp purposes. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in point of unforgeable delicacy, the present paper ranks next to the celebrated flimsy upon which Bank of England notes are printed. Not only has every stamp its distinctive water-mark, such as the familiar crown that lies beneath the mucilage of the common 'penny,' but the material of which the paper is made is fine to the verge of fragility.

"Moreover, the mill in which it is made is under special contract with the Commissioners of Inland Revenue (by whom all stamps, whether postage or revenue, are originally issued) to produce no other; and the whole process from start to finish is closely watched by a staff of Revenue officers, in order that even so little as a blank sheet of stamp paper shall not find its way into unauthorised hands. Beyond the extreme purity of the rag, water, and implements used in its production, there is nothing in the manufacture of stamp paper calling for special comment.

"The water-marks, too, are placed upon the paper in the usual manner—*i.e.*, the soft paper pulp is passed under a light wire cylinder, or 'dandy roll,' bearing scores of little pieces of thin brass, moulded in the shape of the required mark. These brass patterns, pressing into the fast-drying pulp, leave it where they touch just thin enough to produce the semi-transparent outline which, for reasons best known to themselves, but utterly unintelligible to everyone else, the paper-makers call a 'water' mark.

"All the 'dandy rolls'—and, indeed, every sheet of paper they turn out—are kept strictly under Revenue lock and key, whilst the least flaw in a sheet of paper is sufficient to secure its rejection. Both rejected and accepted sheets have to be carefully accounted for. Meanwhile, the latter are carefully counted and dispatched, under lock and key, to Somerset House, where, after a further enumeration, they are again stowed under lock and key until required for printing. The whole process of manufacture and transfer is, in fact, one long alternation of calculations and key turnings.

"The metal plates used for printing each sheet of stamps are marvels of neat workmanship, every plate containing as many separate stamp pieces as the printed sheet will finally contain stamps. Each stamp piece is an exact reproduction of the original die, which is in itself a masterpiece of patient skill. This die is made in the following manner:

"The artist's design for the stamp is, first of all, transferred to a block of soft steel, upon which it is slowly and laboriously engraved with an infinity of painstaking extending over many months. As soon as the engraving is completed, the die is hardened by very much the same process which—of course, on a far larger scale—is applied to the armour-plate of our battleships; that is to say, it is first brought to a red heat, and then suddenly plunged into an icy cold liquid. The effect of this sudden immersion is to change the whole nature of the metal from a soft, workable body into a block of the most intense hardness. Too often, alas, the sudden shock is too much for the nerves of the block, which flies into pieces, thereby ruining the toil of many months in a few seconds.

"Given reasonable luck, however, the die will stamp an immense number of stamp pieces, every one of which has to be satisfactorily accounted for to the inexorable Revenue Officer. As illustrating the tremendous degree of hardness to which the 1840 stamp die was brought, it may be interesting to note that no fewer than 3,000,000,000 copies were taken from it before, after fifteen years' constant use, it became obsolete. There is nothing in the actual printing of the sheets which calls for special comment, except, perhaps, the enormous pressure at which the impressions are taken. This is on account of the exceedingly fine lines in the stamp picture, which render light pressures or rapid printing entirely out of the question.

"As soon as they have passed the printers, the reverse sides of the sheets are covered with the very finest gum, by a large staff of female workers; drying being effected by means of an artificial current of warm air forced through the racks in which the sheets are stowed. The final process is that of perforation. This was first introduced in 1853, when a special machine, the invention of a Mr. Henry Archer, was purchased by the Government for the sum of £4,000. The perforations completed, the sheets are sorted and packed off again to Somerset House, where they become part of the permanent stock of six millions worth or so with which the Controller of Stamps is always ready to meet a possible rainy day.

"The cost of manufacture cannot be deemed excessive, being only £30 0s. 11d. for every 1,000,000 stamps turned over to Somerset House. This cost is divided up as follows: Paper, £5 14s. 5d., printing and gumming, £22 1s. 9d.; perforating, £1 8s. 1d.; wages, 16s. 8d. When to this amount is added the necessary poundage and commission on sale, which amounts to £45 2s. 4d., it will be seen that the total cost to the country of this huge number of stamps is only £75 3s. 3d.

"Some slight idea of the magnitude of the reserve of stamps at Somerset House can best be realised when it is stated that it weighs considerably over 300 tons (imagine if you can, 300 *tons* of penny stamps) and is daily depleted to the extent of some four tons or so by the ordinary demands of the post-offices. During busy times, however, such as at Christmas, or upon other special occasions, this demand is often increased as much as seven or eight tons, representing a money value of upwards of £150,000. In all, this remarkable office has an output of approximately 2,000,000,000 stamps, varying in value from one half-penny upwards; the penny stamp preponderating in the ratio of seven out of every ten stamps issued.

"It may not be generally known that most European countries possess a national stamp album, our own edition being kept in duplicate at the General Post Office and Somerset House respectively. The value of this latter collection cannot be far short of £50,000, and although it does not appear as a national asset on the nation's balance sheet, there is no doubt that, containing as it does a complete set both of the proofs and of the mistakes in all issues, it would easily realise its estimated value if put up for auction.

"Probably the next finest collection in the world, was that of the Paris Post Office, which was stolen only last October. It was valued at £25,000, and comprised a complete collection of French stamps from their initiation in 1849 onwards. Amongst other philatelic gems, it contained a copy of the celebrated fifteen centime Isle of Réunion stamp, which is now worth £400. The actual cost of the collection (as distinguished from its estimated selling value—two very different things) must have been close upon £80,000, since a statement of its value, published so far back as 1883, showed that, up to that year, no less than 1,440,000 francs (or £57,600) had been spent upon it.

"Among other curiosities of the stamp trade may be mentioned those of Gibraltar and our own railways. Strange to say, although Gibraltar has been a British possession for nearly 200 years, it was not until the occasion of the Jubilee that it blossomed out into a postage-stamp of its own. Previous to this, it had to be content with ordinary English stamps, which were only distinguished when they came to be cancelled in the Post Office by the use of a defacing stamp containing a big, big 'G.'

"The case of our own railways is even less generally known. Probably not one man in a hundred knows that he can send letters by most railways, merely by paying for a twopenny railway stamp, in addition to the usual penny postal fee. These letters can either be addressed to a station to be called for, or sent direct to the addressee's private house; but this latter arrangement, entailing as it does the posting of the letter at the departure station, is of course less speedy. The stamps themselves naturally vary in design with the different companies, and are of two values, twopence and fourpence; the former being used for letters, and the latter for parcels."

A MAN carried a bag about on Hastings beach, in which he said he had a cherry-coloured cat, and charged sixpence for a peep. The gentry flocked round him to see this great curiosity. When the man let the cat out of the bag, after reaping a good harvest, it proved to be a black one. He then reminded them that there were black cherries as well as red ones.

A JURYMAN'S EXCUSE.—Some entertaining stories are told of the tricks by which men summoned to attend as common jurymen attempt to avoid the duty cast upon them. A court official says that one morning a little girl, whose eyes just appeared above the desk, timidly exclaimed, "Please, sir, father can't come; he can't put on his boots."

The official asked the nervous little creature what was the matter with her parent. She hesitated; evidently she had not been instructed further than the statement she had made, and looking straight into the official's twinkling eyes, she said: "Well, sir, father don't wear boots; he's got wooden legs. I wasn't told to say anything else, sir; that's all."

An Ill Wind.

JACK: "It's all over. I'm a cooked goose."

Tom: "Wouldn't she have you?"

Jack: "Confound it, no! Cool as a cucumber about it, and nothing green either."

Tom: "Any chance of—er—her exercising woman's peculiar prerogative?"

Jack: "Changing her mind? Not a bit."

Tom: "I suppose, too, you had planned to buy her a ring if she'd have had you?"

Jack: "Yes, I suppose so."

Tom: "Had your money all saved up for it, didn't you?"

Jack: "I should say so. Had £10 all ready."

Tom: "Ah, yes! I say, Jack——"

Jack: "Well?"

Tom: "You—er—couldn't lend me—er—that £10 till you find some girl who will have you, could you?"

A Hotel in a Grave-Yard.

ONE of the largest hotels in Central America, and by far the largest in Belize, Honduras, is surrounded by tombstones. It was erected about thirty years ago in order to meet a want which had long been felt by tourists.

As this old and abandoned cemetery was located in the centre of the town, and afforded an excellent site for a hotel, the necessary permission was obtained from the proper authorities, and in less than a year a large and handsome hotel of wooden material occupied the greater part of the ground which had for very many years been used as a place of interment.

In digging the foundation, hundreds of skulls and bones were discovered, all of which were carefully collected and interred in the new cemetery. Numerous tombstones surround the hotel, which it has not been thought necessary to disturb, and visitors to British Honduras invariably reside at this magnificent hostelry, which actually possesses a room in which Divine service is conducted by a local preacher every Sunday.

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway and Cycling Insurance.

474 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(*Including one of a Thousand Pounds.*)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of **£2000**—not for one only.

£2000 SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED.

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(*To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.*)

INSURANCE TICKET, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

N.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

I HEREBY CERTIFY *that the premium in respect of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE *and also of the* CYCLING INSURANCE *has been paid up to May 31st, 1899, and that therefore every purchaser of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY *is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of* TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, *and against Fatal Cycling Accident under the conditions named in the notice above.*

RICH. J. PAULL,

Manager for the Ocean Accident General and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

A Yorkshireman's Look at the Queen.

IN the days when Prince Albert had come to woo Her Majesty, the crowd of people who wished to catch a glimpse of Royalty, as it promenaded upon the terrace at Windsor Castle, was greatly increased by reason of the general interest in the young couple.

One day a Yorkshireman, who had determined to get a good look at the Queen, appeared at the gates by which the spectators were usually admitted, and thus accosted a man, a footman evidently, who was at that moment crossing the courtyard:

"Look here, John, Robert, whatever they call you, I coom from the country."

"So I hear," said the footman.

"Well, I've never seen t' Queen, and I want to get a good sight of her. Now, can't you just let me through them gates, just afore t' rest o' t' folks? I want to get a good place, you see."

"Well, sir," said the man, "I don't know whether I dare. I might lose my place, you see."

"Nay, mun, thou'll never lose thy place for such a thing as that. Thou can say to t' Queen that she hasn't gotten a more layaller subject than John Stokes, not in all Yarkshire. I nobbut want to go in just afore t' rest on 'em."

"Well, come along, then," said the man. He opened the gate, and the eager Yorkshireman rushed through. As he did so an idea seemed to strike him, and he stopped to tender the footman a half-crown.

"No, thank you, sir," said the man, "we are forbidden to take fees."

"Tak it, mun, tak it. Nobody'll know."

"No, thank you, sir."

The Yorkshireman secured a foremost place, and in due time appeared the Queen and Prince. More than that, conversing familiarly with Her Majesty was the footman.

"Just look there," cried the country visitor to a bystander, "he's a-laughing and talking to t' Queen like anything!"

"Who?"

"Why, t' chap that opened me the gate—t' footman—him with the blue coat and red collar."

When the listener's laughter would allow him to speak, he explained:

"Blue coat and red collar! Why, that's the Windsor uniform, and your footman is Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister!"

GO AND BE ERGOGRAPHED!

AN INSTRUMENT FOR TESTING THE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL FATIGUE OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

ONE of the most remarkable of scientific inventions that have been made is a little instrument called the ergograph. With its aid it will be possible to register the physical and mental capacity of the child.

It is well known that all children vary very much in physical strength and mental activity; yet in their school life they are all given a certain quantity of work to do, and are expected to do it equally well. That this is an impossibility is naturally demonstrated by the different degrees of proficiency attained by each scholar.

Many children are naturally ambitious and throw an amount of energy into the work that puts a severe strain upon them, and unconsciously they draw from their reserve nervous force.

The result is all too frequently disastrous, and many a bright pupil has collapsed just at the most promising stage of school life by overstudy.

Under ordinary conditions it is not easy to tell when a child is doing more work than it is able to stand. The bright eye, nervous manner, and pa'ing countenance may, or may not, be the result of too great a tug upon the brain or the physical capacity.

With this new instrument it will be possible to diagnose, as it were, the mental and physical condition of the child. The ergograph consists of a little revolving drum which is operated by clockwork. There is a pointer on a record slip of this drum indicating fractions of a second. Connected with this indicator is a second one to which is attached a thread which is tied to one of the fingers of the left hand, the other fingers being clamped and held stationary. The child then moves the finger to and fro, thus stirring the pointer, which makes a cross record over the time record.

As the finger becomes fatigued, owing to lack of nervous energy or the exhaustion thereof, the distance over which the pointer moves becomes less and less, and the steadiness of the movement also decreases. The record thus made is called an ergogram.

By taking a series of these ergograms, before and after various exercises, physical and mental, the observer is able to estimate the child's ability to endure either.

The first experiments are being made with a number of children of differing physical and mental capacity, to ascertain the amount of work each may perform without serious fatigue.

Thirstless Hawaiian Horses.

THEY CAN BE LED TO WATER BUT CANNOT BE MADE TO DRINK.

THE proverbial horse which can be led to water but cannot be made to drink, exists in great numbers in the Hawaiian Islands.

Among the cattle he has thousands of cousins of the same proclivities.

It is a surprising statement to make, and yet one that is literally true and so commonplace that no one there thinks anything about it, that there are hundreds of horses and thousands of cattle which never take a drink of water throughout the whole course of their lives.

On all the islands the upper altitudes of the mountains are given up to cattle ranges. The cattle run wild from the time they are born until they are rounded up to be sent to the slaughter house. Except during possibly two or three months of the rainy season, there are no streams or pools of water in any part where the cattle range.

But everywhere there grows a recumbent, jointed grass, known by the native name of maninia. This is both food and drink. Horses and cattle grazing at will on it neither require water nor will drink it when offered.

Our first experience with this fact was on a trip to Haleakala. Our party were mounted on horses which had just been brought in from the range. The journey we had to make was fourteen miles, in which distance we ascended about 9,000 feet.

We started late in the afternoon, and about sunset we halted for supper. We thought it strange that the horses should leave a feed of grain to nibble the scanty grass which grew where we were, but we were willing to trust their instinct in that matter.

However, before starting we insisted that they be given water. Our native guide demurred to this, saying they didn't need it, but, with the good-natured complaisance of his race, yielded to our wishes, and led a detour of about a mile, which brought us to a ranch house, where there was a well. But, to our utter amazement and stupefaction, the horses would not drink.

We took it as another case of instinct, and assumed that the water, for some reason, was not good, and so refrained from drinking it ourselves. It was not until our return, the second day, to Kawaapae, that we learnt the secret of the wonderful maninia grass.

Eiffel Tower

It is by concentrating the Lemons in the orchards where they are grown that the Eiffel Tower Lemonade can be supplied at this remarkable price. A 4½d. Bottle of Eiffel Tower Lemonade makes 32 Tumblers (2 Gallons) of most delicious Home-Made Lemonade. It is made from the finest Lemons only that the world produces. None genuine unless bearing the Eiffel Tower Trade Mark.

Lemonade

Be sure that you get Eiffel Tower Lemonade when you ask for it, as its great success has brought out inferior imitations that only cause disappointment.

If you cannot get it from your Grocer, send 4½d. to the makers, G. Foster Clark & Co., 27 Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone, they will send you a bottle post free by return.

A second bottle will not be supplied by the firm, but must be obtained of Grocers, Chemists, or Stores.

2 Gallons for 4½d.

The firm have adopted the following novel method to induce everybody to try their Lemonade. The first fifty letters opened every day not only have the Lemonade sent by return post, but the stamps are also returned to the fortunate applicants. In this way—

300 BOTTLES ARE GIVEN AWAY WEEKLY.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL *will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES.

Gooseberries should be bottled when quite hard, and before they are fully grown, or have begun to ripen.

Never Drink Water which has Stood in an open vessel for some time. Draw it fresh as required.

Egg Julep is a very favourite preparation for cleansing the hair. It is quite simply made at home, being composed of soft soap and rain water made into a lather with a teaspoonful of powdered borax, a little oil, and a small quantity of spirits of camphor. (*Reply to* HUGHES.)

A Substitute for Cream. Stir a dessertspoonful of flour into a pint of new milk, taking care that it is perfectly smooth. Simmer while stirring so as to take off the raw taste of the flour. Beat the yolk of one egg thoroughly and stir it gently into the milk. Pass all through a fine sieve, and pour into custard glasses.

Very Fine Old Lace can be beautifully cleaned by being sewn in a clean piece of linen and laid all night in salad oil. Next day boil it in a large pan of soapy water for a quarter of an hour, and rinse in several waters. Dip into sugared water, and pin on to a strained cloth to dry. (*Reply to* FINE LADY.)

Vegetable Balls are an excellent addition to stews, and should be prepared as follows: Mash a quarter of a pound each of carrot, turnip, vegetable marrow, lentils, haricot beans, and potatoes, adding at the last green peas if you have them. Season all with pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, and mixed herbs. Bind together with beaten egg, dip into frying batter and fry in deep fat till a golden colour.

The Method of Easing the Pain of Corns was sent me by a correspondent who had found it very successful, so I hope you, too, will find it beneficial. Rub on a coating of chalk, such as is prepared for billiards, and add to it just a drop of vinegar. Let this dry before retiring to bed. Repeat the process every night for a week, or ten days, when the corn may be removed without pain. (*Reply to* DAUBENY.)

Lobster Balls. Take a hen lobster, or if too expensive, a tin of lobster. Cut the meat small, make a gill of very thick white sauce, stir in (while hot) the lobster with seasonings of anchovy sauce and cayenne. Place aside till cold and take portions, roll lightly on a floured board, shape with a knife into cutlets, cover with egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat. Drain and dish on a folded serviette with tiny pieces of small claws or feelers, stuck into each ball. (*Reply to* TITMARSH.)

Paper Patterns

OF THESE CHARMING DESIGNS

FREE.

See this Week's

HOME NOTES.

This is a very smart coat, and probably a large number of readers are looking out for such a pattern. This, as well as a paper pattern of the accompanying design, can be had ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Fullest instructions and particulars in this week's

"HOME NOTES" FASHION SUPPLEMENT.

"How I Was Presented."

SEE THIS WEEK'S "HOME NOTES."

When a Curry is to be Made of cooked meat and you wish it to look very tempting, carefully remove all browned parts, and add them to the stock-pot.

The Linen Turns Yellow after washing because it is not rinsed enough. The soap left in at the laundry turns the garments yellow in wear. (*Reply* to O. V. N.)

Devilled Sauce. Mince two shallots, fry in half an ounce of butter till a golden colour; add half a pint of brown gravy, a tablespoonful of mixed mustard, a dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce, and a good pinch of red pepper. Stir until the sauce boils, skim it and pass through a fine strainer, add a dessertspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, and serve.

Try this American Method of Boiling Peas. When the pods are fresh, wash them well, after removing the peas, and boil closely covered for ten minutes. Strain off the husks, return the liquor to the sauce-pan, and when it boils up add the peas. The secret of having peas a really good colour is to cook them very fast.

The Smell of Cooking ascending from the kitchen to other parts of the house is most unpleasant, and even with the greatest care this cannot always be prevented. It is well, therefore, to have a box, similar to the common salt boxes, hung near the stove, with cedar powder in it; scatter a little of this on the top of the stove, and it will instantly kill unpleasant odours.

Ginger Nuts. Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into one pound of flour, add four ounces of crushed brown sugar, and half an ounce of ground ginger. Mix these ingredients with an egg and a gill of treacle. Work the gingerbread into a stiff paste, adding a little more flour if necessary. Roll out and cut with a fancy cutter three inches in diameter. Put on greased baking sheets, and bake in rather a hot oven till crisp and dry.

Yorkshire Parkin, if made as follows, will be excellent, but it should be kept two or three days before serving till it has become perfectly soft. Take one pound of oatmeal, one pound of dark treacle, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, mixed spice and ginger to taste. Rub the butter into the meal, with the sugar and spice, then add the treacle, melted if too thick, mix all together thoroughly, and bake in flat tins, such as are used for Yorkshire pudding, in a slow oven for two hours or more. (*Reply to* MEADOWSIDE.)

When Putting Down New Stair Carpets if you do not feel equal to the outlay on the patent felt pads sold for the purpose, you can make them at home as follows: Take old shrunken blankets and tear them into pieces an inch and a half narrower than the carpet. Make pads of these of about three to four thicknesses of the blanket, scatter with pepper or dried salt and cover with a thin unbleached calico. Stair carpets treated like this will last twice as long as if put down over some flat baize, or carpet paper. The cost of the felt pads is quite moderate and I always consider that the money spent on them is really well invested.

Gold Ink may be made successfully from this recipe. After the writing becomes dry, it should be burnished with an agate. First take the gold leaf and add it to an equal portion of honey, and reduce both to the finest powder by pounding. Then collect the substance, mix it with thirty parts of water in a large glass, stir well, then allow it to settle. The gold will soon settle at the bottom of the glass, while the honey dissolves in the water, and can be poured off. The sediment must be washed in several waters to free it from every atom of honey. Finally, dry the powder, which should be extremely brilliant, and when required for an ink, mix it up with very weak gum-water. This powder should be kept tightly corked and the gum-water properly strained before it is used. (*Reply to* VOCALIST.)

On Baking Fish. Like all other branches of cookery, this depends greatly on attention to trifles. One often hears cooks say that baked fish is quite uneatable; on inquiring into the method of cooking, one discovers that the importance of a very hot oven is not known. The oven must be so hot that the door may be kept slightly open to let off the steam; if this is not done, the fish is apt to be sodden. First wash the fish and then dry it thoroughly, and sprinkle thickly with flour. Butter the baking-tin, squeeze over some lemon juice, and cover the whole with greased paper. The fire must be hot, steady, and clear, or the fish will not be well cooked. To serve, season the gravy with pepper and salt, and thicken it with flour and garnish with chopped parsley. But unless the oven be very hot, the cold air entering at the slightly-open door will hinder the baking, and all other precautions will be of no avail in securing a good dish.

To Lessen the Odour of Frying Onions set a small pot of vinegar on the stove meanwhile.

Sufferers from Tender Feet should wear only wool or cashmere socks, and never wear the same pair of boots two days following.

Tea Sandwiches. Cut thin slices of bread, dry in the oven, till a golden brown. Cut thin slices of bread and butter and serve the crisp bread between two slices as a sandwich.

The Art of Swimming is a most desirable accomplishment for girls, for it develops every muscle of the body, gives grace to the figure, which it often lengthens, while at the same time it decreases the size of the waist. To be able to swim is a valuable acquirement in emergencies.

The Hake Pie you tasted was probably prepared as follows: Grease a pie-dish, and fill it with alternate layers of hake steaks, cut half an inch thick and freed from skin and bone, with seasoned breadcrumbs. Pour some good gravy over all and bake for half an hour in a steady oven. The seasonings should be prepared by mixing finely-chopped onion, chopped parsley, pepper, and salt into the white breadcrumbs.

Temperance Ginger Wine made from this recipe is very good. Boil together for rather over thirty minutes six pounds of well-crushed loaf sugar, three ounces of ginger, and three gallons of water. At the end of the time, stir in the whites of three eggs, well-beaten. Place the whole aside till thoroughly cool, and then cask with five lemons sliced, from which the pips have been removed. Add half a teacupful of yeast; leave it to ferment for about three days, bring it up and bottle a week or ten days later. (*Reply to* ADA.)

Pot Roast of Lamb. Take a good piece of lamb, wipe it carefully, and cut off all superfluous bone. Place in an iron sauce-pan or pot one good tablespoonful of lard, half an ounce of butter, and an onion cut small. Let the onion fry to a light brown and put in the meat, scatter salt over. Put the cover on and let the meat cook until it is browned, turning it carefully, then add sufficient water to prevent it from burning, and turn the joint constantly, so that it will cook evenly. The joint will be brown and juicy when served. Dish the joint, thicken and colour the gravy, and pour round. Serve nicely boiled vegetables and mint sauce with this.

A Splasher to a Washstand saves many ugly stains of soap on the wall-paper. There are many varieties to be seen, some of the prettiest being made of full frills of muslin eighteen inches deep, falling from a neat brass rod. Those who desire novelty will make their splashers of a huge fan of pleated cretonne or paper. The best plan is to cut out the fan shape in American cloth, or even stout brown paper, and then to take a long strip of the cretonne having lace sewn along the top edge, and to pleat that over the paper, tacking it here and there to keep it in place. The pleats can all be tied together with a bow at the bottom, and the whole fixed securely to the wall with fine tin-tacks.

My Inexpensive Ice Cream Recipe is once more in great demand. Take a quart of new milk, place one pint and a half in an enamelled pan over the fire and let it heat gradually. With the other half-pint make a good custard, using three eggs; thicken it with two ounces of cornflour. When the milk approaches boiling point, add the custard, stirring constantly till it thickens; sweeten and flavour highly, and when cold freeze in the ordinary way. Have the ice for freezing well broken, and add one quart of salt to a bucket of ice. When making ice creams with custard, five minutes slow boiling will prove sufficient, and many prefer to add the sugar and flavouring after the mixture has cooled a little. The proportion given may be adapted for any quantity required. (*Reply to* ELGIN.)

Isobel

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All advertisements are subject to approval. The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

1899. APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1900. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.
S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 4 11 18 25
M 3 10 17 24	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 5 12 19 26
T 4 11 18 25	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 6 13 20 27
W 5 12 19 26	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 7 14 21 28
T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22	T 1 8 15 22 29
F 7 14 21 28	F 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23	F 2 9 16 23 30
S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 3 10 17 24 31

For Affections of Throat and Lungs

"I cannot speak too highly of Scott's Emulsion, and shall recommend it whenever I can."

ALFRED HILLMAN.

The many letters we are receiving daily from the thousands of people who are taking Scott's Emulsion, reveal the strong hold which this great remedy has attained on the popular mind. Many of those who are benefited by Scott's Emulsion are kind enough to write us, and by their co-operation we are enabled to show to the public just what this preparation has done to alleviate human suffering.

Here is a case where a little boy suffered from complications of ailments affecting the throat and lungs. The father, in generously acknowledging the good which his son derived from Scott's Emulsion, writes as follows:

"32 Malthouse Lane,
"Washwood Heath,
"Saltley, Birmingham.
"November 12th, 1898.

"Dear Sirs,—It affords me much pleasure in informing you of the great benefits my little boy has derived from Scott's Emulsion. Some time ago he had a very serious illness, quite a complication—bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, and pleurisy. He kept his bed for nine weeks, and we quite thought he could not get better again, as he had been very delicate from birth, and was now a mere skeleton. The doctor advised us to give him Scott's Emulsion after each meal. This we did, and the wonderful improvement in him in a short time quite gladdened the hearts of his father and mother. Sleepless nights were now a thing of the past, his appetite improved, and to-day he is a fine little fellow. We cannot speak too highly of Scott's Emulsion, and shall recommend it whenever I can.

"I remain, yours respectfully,
"(Signed) JOHN HILLMAN."

This great remedy, Scott's Emulsion, which did Mr. Hillman's son so much good, is a combination of cod-liver oil, hypophosphites and glycerine. These standard remedial agents are made into a perfect and palatable emulsion, which is sweet to the taste and easy of digestion. Scott's Emulsion is a standard specific for all affections of throat and lungs, and it gives strength and vitality to the human body when other remedies are of no avail. If the reader of these lines wishes to profit by the experience of others, he or she will procure a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and give this preparation a trial.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott & Bowne Limited, Manufacturing Chemists, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

"I FEELS PUFF-ICKLY HAPPY! IT'S ONE OF OGDEN'S GUINEA-GOLD"

M&C

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

Has the Largest Sale of full-weight 1-lb. Tablets in the World, and has proved itself to be one of the BEST Soaps ever used.

ENORMOUS PRIZE SCHEME

For JULY and OCTOBER, 1899.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

16,000 *Handsome Prizes, Value* **£8,898 4s.**

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	Cash Prize of £100	£100	0	0
2	Cash Prizes of £50 each ...	100	0	0
5	Pianos, value £40 each	200	0	0
4	Cash Prizes of £25 each ...	100	0	0
5	Cash Prizes of £20 each ...	100	0	0
10	Organs, value £20 each ...	200	0	0
10	Cash Prizes of £10 each ...	100	0	0
40	Sewing Machines, value £8 each	320	0	0
40	Cash Prizes of £5 each ...	200	0	0
150	Cash Prizes of £2 each ...	300	0	0
300	Cash Prizes of £1 each ...	300	0	0
600	Gents' Umbrellas, value 15s. each	450	0	0
600	Ladies' Umbrellas, value 15s. each	£450	0	0
600	Cash Prizes, value 10s. each ...	300	0	0
300	Ladies' Umbrellas, value 7s. each	112	10	0
1,000	Cash Prizes of 5s. each	250	0	0
2,000	Boxes of our famous "Nubolic Soap," packed in fancy boxes, containing 18 12-oz. Tablets, value 4s. per box	400	0	0
2,333	Pictures of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," in gilt frame, value 4s. each	466	12	0
8,000	EACH COMPETITION	£4,449	2	0

Do not be afraid of sending in your Wrappers, however small your collection, as in our Prize Competitions of January and February every competitor secured a Prize; and in the March Competition nearly every competitor was successful.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

Cut off the top portion of wrapper, with the words **Watson's Matchless Cleanser** and send, postage or carriage paid, to **Joseph Watson and Sons Limited, Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds,** not later than July 31st or October 31st. If any parcel arrives, postage or carriage not being fully paid, such parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the postage is paid. **The Prizes** will be awarded in the above order **to the senders of the highest number of wrappers.** Each parcel sent in must contain the full name and address of sender, and the number of wrappers sent must be marked on the same paper. A list giving result of competition, will be enclosed with each prize when it is sent out. The decision of J. Watson and Sons Limited to be final. Every wrapper must have first contained soap. No employee of Joseph Watson and Sons Limited will be eligible

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

Is full-weight 1-lb. Tablets, and is to be had of all Grocers, Oilmen, &c., throughout the United Kingdom.

TO BE TAKEN WEEKLY.

THE attempts in the Birth Competition are now being dealt with as rapidly as is consistent with the enormous amount of care we are exercising in checking the coupons. I cannot say how long it will be before the result is known. Next week I hope to say something definite. However, you may, meanwhile, be interested to hear that the number of births and deaths for the week ending April 22nd was as follows: Births, 7,297; Deaths, 3,993.

ASTRAL is a postman. He writes: "I should be pleased to know if any of your readers experience a curious sensation in the palm of their hand when they are about to receive money. In my capacity as a rural postman, I carry stamps for sale, and when approaching a farm my hand sometimes commences to itch. In this case the sale of stamps and the receipt of money invariably follow."——It is fortunate that there are not many people like you in the world. It would be a lively sort of time for a London shopkeeper if he suffered in the same way when customers were dropping into his shop every few minutes during the day. There may be some psychological reason for your complaint, but I must confess my inability to enlighten you. Perhaps one of my medical readers would do so.

T. H. writes: "With reference to curious public-houses, one of which is mentioned in *P.W.*, the following may, perhaps, prove interesting: There was, until recently, a public-house not far from Warrington which was partly in one village and partly in another. One portion had to be closed at ten o'clock at night, after which the customers marched out and re-entered the building, but by another door which admitted them to the other part of the house, where they could stay till eleven o'clock, if so inclined."

E. K. writes: "Whilst travelling on business in France a short time back I had occasion to go from one provincial town to another about five miles away. As I had baggage to take I could not walk, so availed myself of the only conveyance I could get, a donkey cart. As we started, the driver, an old man, gave the ass three blows with his stick, shouting: '*Dix-huit! Dix-neuf!! Vingt!!!*' (eighteen! nineteen!! twenty!!!) I inquired if he were counting the number of strokes he laid on, and he explained that he used those three words instead of swearing as 'he was a good Catholic and did not wish to imperil his immortal soul, whereas the *bourric*' (anglicé, *moke*) 'did not know the meaning of the words and they were therefore just as effective as blasphemy.' We continued our journey to the accompaniment of occasional cries of '*Dix-huit! Dix-neuf!*' When I explain, for the benefit of such of your readers who are not acquainted with French, that these words are pronounced, as near as we can write it '*Dee-zwee! Dee-nerf! Vang!*' you will see they make fairly effective swear words."

IT is not often that a man can tell a joke upon himself and tell it, too, on a typewriter. J. G. S., who is an actor, however, relates a funny little incident which took place the other day when he opened his week's laundry parcel at the theatre. Attached to one of his white shirts he found a scrap of paper, and on it scrawled in pencil: "Red hair, three shirts, 1s." My correspondent's hair happens to be a near approach to the colour mentioned, and no doubt the laundress had forgotten his name and used the designation "Red Hair" as the best guide. Are there any more stories of the kind my actor friends have got to tell? If so, now is their time to qualify for a solid silver pencil-case, provided the best attempt reaches the RED HAIRED EDITOR, on a post-card, by Monday, May 15th.

BLOBSWITCH asks: "Why is it that the little finger of both hands invariably feels the cold first? This may seem at first glance a fatuous query, but I have so often discovered it to be true in my own case that I appeal to you to explain the reason."——Because the little fingers are less used, and they are less plentifully supplied with blood than the others. The more useless a member of the body is, the less blood is devoted to its nourishment, and, therefore, the sooner it feels a change of temperature.

RESULT OF THE "SKETCH" COMPETITION.

THE best attempt in this competition was sent us by Mr. H. G. Loughridge, of 39 Salisbury Street, Belfast, and the solid silver pencil-case has been sent to him.

A copy of "John of Strathbourne" has been sent to each of the following:—

C. Browne, "Fairlight," Woodhurst Road, Acton, W.; E. A. Leigh, 62 Carholme Road, Lincoln; W. D. Kirkpatrick, 124 Albert Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; G. J. Endacott, 22 Parr Street, Newtown, Exeter; J. G. Holt, 4 Haverstock Road, Knowle, Bristol; J. Vidler, 4 Brook Bank Road, Lewisham; G. Haughton, 10 Ann's Road, Southend-on-Sea; W. Powell, 10 Bransford Road, Worcester; Miss G. E. M. Baxter, 108 Boundary Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.; S. H. Phillips, 93 Edinburgh Road, Kensington, Liverpool; S. Goodyear, 19 Ingelow Road, Queen's Road, Battersea, S.W.; C. O. Denton, 51 Yarburgh Street, Alexandra Park, Manchester; S. Morgan, The Bryn, Mount Pleasant, Swansea; G. Bond, 58 Bryngias Road, Newport, Mon.; W. Basibé, 151 Maple Road, Penge, S.E.; E. H. West, 17 Friars Entry, Oxford; E. J. Simpson, 49 Waverley Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; J. D. Watts, 266 Grove Green Road, Leytonstone, E.; C. V. Walker, 46 Chester Street, Oxford; G. E. James, 51 Medina Road, Holloway, N.

IT is somewhat early, to be sure, to talk about what will appear in the ROYAL MAGAZINE for the 22nd of June, but our reason for so doing here is to say that in this very up-to-date magazine for that issue one of the most interesting series of photographs which have been taken in recent years will appear. The new President of the French Republic has been gracious enough to grant us a sitting for our snap-shot interviews. Various other courteous and well-known ladies and gentlemen will appear in the ROYAL MAGAZINE, but we must not show our hands too freely at present.

B.—It is more serious than you think. Wearing tight boots affects the whole system. Appetite, complexion, and eyesight all suffer. Some physicians assert that baldness is partly ascribed to this practice.

ANENT the article on "The Doom of the Domestic" in a recent number of *P.W.*, W. B. writes to say that a few weeks ago his sister had occasion to advertise for a situation as plain cook, in one of the London penny morning papers. In reply, she received no fewer than ninety-four letters, four postcards, and two telegrams, besides three ladies calling on her. The first telegram arrived at eight-fifteen on the morning on which the advertisement appeared, while twenty-five penny stamps were inclosed in the letters for replies. These more than covered the cost of the advertisement.

I HAVE received quite a curious letter from a soldier out in Beluchistan, who wants to know how to become brave. He suffers from extreme nervousness, and always trembles violently in the presence of an officer. "True," he admits, "I am a reformed drunkard and am guilty of smoking to excess. Can these two reasons be the cause? I have tried all sorts of patent medicines which profess to cure nervousness and mental weakness, but all in vain."——The essence of the whole matter lies in your statement that you are a reformed drunkard and that you smoke to excess. I can sympathise with your feelings, but I am afraid there is no permanent cure for such a condition as that from which you appear to suffer, provided that you are in good health. I once knew a sailor who suffered very much in the same way. He was a big chap, over six feet, and stiffly built, but he had a most deplorable quaking sensation come over him when addressed by one of his superior officers, while any sudden shock would throw him into a state of pitiful nervousness. Yet that fellow, on two occasions while out in the Mediterranean, sprang overboard during a gale and rescued once a dog and once a middy. My opinion is that nervousness of the kind you refer to is not to be associated with cowardice, but rather with a ultra-sensitive system.

A CORRESPONDENT who works on the Great Western Railway is advertising *P.W.* in a small but uncommon fashion. The railway waggons, when used for carrying ballast, are marked "P.W.," signifying "Permanent Way," and whenever he wants any of these vehicles he asks for ten or a dozen "Pearson's Weeklies." The result is that in that part of the world these trucks are spoken of amongst the men as "Pearson's Weeklies."

H. M., of Warcop, has come across another curiosity in the family line. In that town there are nine men in one family all named John Reynoldson. This Christian name was given each of them to enable the oldest John to retain some family property.

M. L. tells me a good story of two old ladies, travelling by train in the West of England. As they left the station one of them produced a copy of *P.W.*, and proceeded to explain to the other the advantages of the insurance system, which so impressed her companion that at the next stopping place another copy was bought, a pencil produced, and, as the train moved out of the station, an attempt was made on the part of the purchaser to inscribe her name on the coupon. She tried in vain for ten minutes to form the letters, but produced nothing but an unintelligible scrawl. At length her companion lost patience, and said in a shrill voice: "Lor! bless ee, what be doin'? Yer don't have to write yer history, only yer name!"

B. would like to know whether billiard tables are ever covered with cloth of any other colour than green?——According to a statement made by a member of a leading firm of billiard table makers some months ago, the only variations on the usual shade of green that had come under his notice were blue and a pure olive-green. The latter was ordered by the late Prince Leopold. But these were quite exceptional.

A LONG letter comes to me from A COUNTRY LAD inclosing to the F.A.F. a subscription which at one time formed half the total funds of an abortive debating society up in Yorkshire. This society was formed in a village for the purpose of discussing topical events, but the good villagers were so modest that whenever one got up to make a statement, his embarrassment kept him dumb until the chairman called "Time!" As each of the debaters suffered in this way, the result was that no discussion ever took place. So it was finally decided to wind up the society on the grounds that a countryman can only talk when "he hes en inch o' gin in him, en he's gitten his tung rewts loused." And so the F.A.F. is so much the better off.

GOOD! £146 for the F.A.F. since the last list of acknowledgments. I hope we shall keep up this rate of increase. A generous friend has sent a cheque for £81, sufficient to pay for 2,000 children, and asks for the amount to be acknowledged anonymously. That is the right sort of charity, and I hope a few more of the same kind will come along during the summer.

THE solid silver pencil-case offered for the best anagram on the words: THE FRESH AIR FUND—THE CHEAPEST CHARITY, has gone to MR. D. ROSS, 51A St. John's Road, Deptford, S.E., whose attempt ran as follows:

"FETCH THY FAT PURSE—I HEARD CASH THEREIN."

I SHALL be glad if those anonymous subscribers who sent a donation last year will do their best again this year, if this paragraph happens to attract their attention.

A. E. H. has been good enough to send a perambulator for the use of the children who are unable to run about. I need scarcely say that the children will appreciate it.

A POOR cobbler, who confesses to very limited circumstances, but who enjoys a huge fund of generosity, tells me that as he cannot devote anything towards the F.A.F. unless he denies himself something, he for the past month has given up tobacco, and proposes to continue doing so for some time to come. Would that others could see their way to emulating this good man's self-denial!

J. H. D. pays twopence a week each for the education of his children. In the ordinary way this payment is suspended during the holidays, but my correspondent, who is nothing if not generous, continues to put the twopence aside during the holidays, and sends the result to the F.A.F. For which many thanks.

IF there are any football or other clubs about to wind up affairs until another winter comes along, and the treasurer happens to hold a little odd cash with which it is difficult to do anything, I would suggest that the committee should pass a resolution to place the amount to the FRESH AIR FUND. I am quite sure the members would not object to this being done; and if a large number of clubs were to forward only a small sum, the aggregate amount would be something worth adding to the FUND. Are you a member of a dramatic club? Well, then, pass on the hint to one of the officers. This is a scheme in which any sort of club can participate. So in whatever company you find yourself, don't fail to take advantage of this opportunity of helping the F.A.F.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £404 18s. 9½d.

Anon, 4d.; Anon, 1s.; C. Marshall, 1s.; H. Scoones, 6d.; F. G. M., 5s.; H. B. Leatham, £1; H. C. Hawkins; £2 10s.; J. N. Valentine, 5s. 3d.; Inasmuch, 9d.; J. B. M. £2 2s.; E. J. Dean, £4 1s.; C. James, £1 1s; W. A. Wills, 10s.; R. C. K. W., £1 1s.; G. J. Gadsdon, £1 1s.; Percy Sharp, £1 1s.; Sale of Primroses, 8d.; Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush, 1s.; Anon, £81; Friends, 1s.; A Country Lad, 6d.; Ajax, 5s.; H. Lakin-Smith, £1 1s.: In Memory of Little Philip, 10s.; E. F. Whitley, £1 1s.; Seven Days, 3s.; Decided, 3d.; T. P. W., £1; Wee Willie John Burns, 3s.; Ozone, 2s. 4d.; "Fresh Air Soap," £4 0s. 3d.; Sir Walter Shakerley, £10; G. H. Redwood, £1 1s.; An Old Salt, 1s.; F. T. Adamson, £1 1s.; R. S. Foster, £1; C. T. Avins, £1 1s.; J. W. F. (Liverpool), £1 1s.; James Wilson Rigg's Fourth Birthday, £1 4s.; Sanitas, 10s.; H. Page, 1s.; Boz, 1s. 6d.; Cyril, 2s. 3d.; A. W. Austin, £1; Bike, 9d.; Four of us, 3s.; Smashed Fingers, 2s.; "Anagram" Competitors, 8s. 2½d.; Miss Acton, 1s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; Molina Rovers F.C., 5s. 6d.; For Mother's Sake, 1s 6d.; Tommy's Donkey, 2s. 4d.; J. G., 1s. 6d.; S. Stacey, 1s.; Anon (Hampstead), £1; The Nurses and Patients of Rowsell Ward, 10s. 6d.; Drewie and Muriel, 3s.; "La Mole," 1s. 6d.; Mrs. French, 10s.; C. K., 1s. 8d.; G. Cornish, 1s.; Cherrie, 6d.; A Little Thin on the Top, 2s. 3d.; R. W., 1s. 6d.; Namraw, 9d.; Anon, 1s.; Anon, 6d.; E. V. S., 9d.; A. W. Watts, 10d.; Eric, Percy, and Dorothy Percy, 10s.; Lilian Lewis, 9d.; Arthur and Jack, 1s.; W. Barrow, 3s.; W. S. Moss, 3s.; T. Masden, 2s. 6d.; E. E. S., 2s. 3d.; F. A., 5s.; L. C. L.; 1s.; Replies, 6d.; Anon, 1s. 10d.; L. E. J., 5s.; H. Hayward, 3s.; Wellwishers, Penzance P.O., 2s. 3d.; May Bates, 3s.; Little Dick, Hastings, 2s. 6d.; F. Ames, 2s. 6d.; Lou, 9d.; J. Rushan, 1s. 6d.; A. E. K., 5s.; J. Barnes, 3s.; C. H. W., 2s. 6d.; H. R., 2d.; Anon, 4d.; Excelsior, 2s.; G. D., 3s. 6d.; Plymo, 9d.; Anon, 3d; W. T. M. and T. J. G., 9d.; D. C. Oddy, £1; W. R. Peck, £1 1s.

COLLECTED:

R. T. Williams (S. Africa), 10s.; Assistant Secretary of the Shoulder of Mutton S.C., 1s. 3d.; H. Wall, 6s.; Doris and Arthur, £1 1s.; Chief Constructor's Drawing Staff (per C. Fiske), £2 2s.

Grand P.W. Total, £550 19s. 9½d.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Pearson's Weekly	8 8	4 4	2 2
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	2 2
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	1 8
The Sunday Reader	8 8	4 4	2 2
Past'mes	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pearson's Magazine	9 0	4 6	2 3
Royal Magazine	5 0	2 6	1 3
Dressmaking at Home	2 6	—	—
Fashions for Children	2 6	—	—
Home Cookery	1 6	—	—

ALL POST FREE.

Offices: Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Registered Telegraphic Address—

"HUMOURSOME, LONDON."

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co. are our Sole Agents in Sydney (180 Pitt Street), Melbourne (362 Little Collins Street), Brisbane (Edward Street), Adelaide (7 King William Street), and Cape Town (33 Loop Street).

P.W. can be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 248 Rue Rivoli, and at the principal Kiosks.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A GOLD-PLATED PENCIL-CASE WILL BE AWARDED TO EACH PERSON WHOSE LETTER IS DEALT WITH ON THIS PAGE.

THE HOUSE OF JOHN NOBLE

has been famous for more than a quarter-century for sending out the Highest Possible Value for money, and for giving full satisfaction to its vast number of Customers.

Model 1240.
All, Well-cut Skirt excellent Open Coat, and Revers well cut, whole **10/6** garment fully shaped. complete Costume, carriage, 6d. Full wide Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage 5d.

Hat, as sketch, in Green & White, Cardinal & White, Black & White, Navy & White, & Heliotrope & White. **3/11** Carriage 4d.

Model 1076.
Wonderful Value. Bodice well-cut, and trimmed with black and gold braid in a fern leaf design. Full wide **10/6** Skirt. Price complete Costume, 10/6; carriage, 6d. Skirt alone, 5/6: carriage 5d.

LADIES ARE STRONGLY URGED

to write direct to the Originators and actual Manufacturers of these Costumes at Brook Street Mills, Manchester, as various persons and firms in London and elsewhere, by copying John Noble's advertisements and sending out worthless imitations of these famous Costumes, cause disappointment and annoyance.

THREE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED TO JOHN NOBLE LTD.

THE John Noble

HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

Made to look smart and yield loyal service, promptly sent by Parcel's Post direct from the Largest Firm of Costumiers and Mantlemen in the World, the Originators of Half-Guinea Costumes.

PATTERNS SENT POST FREE.

Together with the **NEW FASHION CATALOGUE** (84 pages, illustrated) of the two good durable Cloths in which all Costumes are made: **1. JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE** (weighty and weather-resisting). **2. JOHN NOBLE COSTUME COATING** (smooth-surfaced, medium weight.)

A FULL DRESS LENGTH (6 yds., 52in. wide), in either Cloth, **7/6**; carriage, 8d. extra. **7/6**

COLOURS OF ALL COSTUMES—Black, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, Royal Blue, Crimson, Reseda, and Navy.

THE THREE SIZES IN STOCK are 34, 36, and 38 in. round bust (under arms). Waists 24in., 26in., 28in. Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 in. long in front. Any other size can be specially made to measure, 1/6 extra.

Any of these Designs, or Ladies' Own Designs, can be made up in any kind of Dress Fabric by skilled dressmakers at the most moderate charge.

Model 1068.
Well-cut and carefully finished Sacque Reefer Coat and full-wide Tailor Skirt. Price complete Costume, **10/6**. Carriage, 6d. extra. Skirt alone, **5/6**. Carriage, 5d. Felt Hat as sketch **2/6**; Carriage 4d.

Model 1083.
WONDERFUL VALUE.
The Bodice has saddle and sleeves lined, and is effectively trimmed with Black Russia braid, surmounted by a very pretty floral design of embroidery in contrasting shade. The Skirt is well made and finished. Price complete costume, **10/6**; carriage, 6d. Or the Skirt alone for **5/6**; carriage, 5d. **10/6**

The **Ladies' Designs** on this page can also be supplied in **Covert Coating** at **13/6**, and **New Mixture Suiting** (with lined sleeves) at **18/-**.

SPRING and SUMMER DRESS FABRICS.
A Box of Patterns in the Colourings, and including fine selection of those for which the house of John Noble is famous, sent Free and lent to select from.

Model W 1048.
A smartly made up-to-date Waterproof in good Gramattas, with best art Check proofings. Colours: Fawn, Black, Navy, Grey, &c. Price only **12/11**; carriage 5d. When ordering, state colour and length at back and bust measure (under arms).
The stock sizes are 50 to 60 inches at back; 32 to 38 inches round bust.
Special Garments made to measure for **1/6** extra.

SIX SPECIAL FABRICS

strongly recommended by JOHN NOBLE Ltd.

I.—**John Noble Cheviot Serge**, weighty, weather resisting, 52in. wide, 1/3 per yard (all Colours and Black). Full Dress Length ... **7/6**

II.—**John Noble Costume Coating**, smooth surfaced, cloth, wears well, 52 in. wide, 1/3 per yard (all Colours and Black). Full Dress Length **7/6**

III.—**New Twill Serge**, stylish, hard wearing, 52in. wide, 1/6 per yard. Full Dress Length (6 yards)... **9/-**

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